

*Micro-cosmographie :*  
Or, a Piece of the  
W O R L D  
Discovered;  
I N  
E S S A Y E S,  
A N D  
C H A R A C T E R S.

---

*The eighth Edition.*

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L O N D O N,  
Printed by R. D. for P. C. 1664.







To the  
R E A D E R.

**H**ave (for once) adventured to play the Midwives part, helping to bring forth these Infants into the world, which the Father would have smothered : who having left them lapt up in loose Sheets, as soon as his Fancy was delivered of them, written especially for his private recreation, to pass away the time in the Countrey, and by the forcible request of Friends drawn him : Yet

## To the Reader.

passing severally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a pretty number in a little Volume: and among so many sundry dispersed Transcripts, some, very imperfect & surreptitious, had like to have past the Presse, if the Authour had not used speedy means of prevention: When perceiving the hazard he ran to be wronged, was unwillingly willing to let them pass as now they appear to the world. If any faults have escap'd the Presse, (as few Books can be printed without) impose them not on the Author. I intreat Thee: but rather impute them to mine & the Printer's oversight, who seriously promise on the Re-impression

To the Reader.

*pression hereof, by greater care  
and diligence, for this our for-  
mer default, to make Thee am-  
ple satisfaction. In the mean  
while I remain,*

Thine

EDW. BLUNT.

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*Micro-cosmographie :*

Or,

A Piece of the World  
Characteriz'd.

---

1. *A Child*

**I**S a Man in a  
small Letter, yet  
the best Copy of  
*Adam* before he  
tasted of *Eve* or  
the Apple; and, he is happy,  
whose small practice in the  
world

world can onely write his Character. He is natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyl, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His soul is yet a white paper unscribled with observations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made means, by sin, to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his bearer. Nature and his Parents alike dandle

dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Wormwood. He plays yet like a young Prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholy. All the language he speaks yet is Tears, and they serve him well enough to expresse his necessity. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitfull an Organ; and he is best company with it, when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his Drums, Rattles and Hobby-horses, but the Emblemes, & mockings of mens businesse. His Father hath writ him as  
his

his own little story, wherein he reads those dayes of his life that he cannot remember; and sighes to see what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a staire lower from God; and like his first father, much worse in his Breeches. He is the Christians example, and the old mans relapse: The one imitates his purenesse, and the other falls into his simplicity. Could he put off his body with his little Coat, he had got eternity without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another.

*2. A young raw  
Preacher*

**I**S a Bird not yet fledg'd,  
that hath hopt out of his  
nest to be cherping on a  
hedge, and will be stragling  
abroad at what peril soever.  
His backwardnesse in the U-  
niversity hath set him thus  
forward; for had, he not tru-  
anted there, he had not been  
hasty a Divine. His small  
standing and time hath made  
him a proficient only in bold-  
nesse, out of which and his  
Table-book he is furnisht for  
a Preacher. His collections  
of Study are the Notes of  
Sermons, which, taken up at  
Saint

Saint *Mary's* he utters in the Countrey. And if he write *Brachygraphy*, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more then his reading; for he reads only what he gets without book. Thus accomplisht he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is Grace and Peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a full careere, and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his Lungs. And the onely thing he has made in it himself, is the Faces. He takes  
on

on against the Pope without mercy, and hath a jest still in Lavender for *Bellarmino*. Yet he preaches heresie if it com's in his way , though with a mind, I must needs say, very *Orthodoxe*. His Action is all Passion, and his speech interjections. He hath an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people , and spits with a very good grace. His stile is compounded of twenty severall mens, only his body imitates some one extraordinary. He will not draw his hankercher out of his place , nor blow his Nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon Book, and indeed he was never used to it.

it. He preaches but once a year, though twice a Sunday: for the stufte is still the same, onely the dressing a little altered. He hath more tricks with a Sermon, then a Taylor with an old Cloak to turn it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his Authors are Postills, and his School-divinity a Catechisme. His fashion, and demure habit gets him in with some Town precisian, and makes him a guest on Friday-nights. You shall know him by his narrow Velvet cape, & Serge facing,  
and



and his ruffe, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous Tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much painfulness may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means, to a Chamber-maid: with whom we leave him now in the bonds of Wedlock. Next Sunday you shall have him again.

3. *A grave Divine*

**I**S one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient:

sufficient: for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port, the University, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the begining, but the end of his Studies, to which he takes the ordinary staire, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not profanenesse to be polisht with humane Reading, or to smoothe his way by *Aristotle* to School-Divinity. He hath sounded both Religions, and anchor'd in the best, and is a *Protestant* out of judgement, not faction; not because his Countrey, but his reason is on this side. The Ministry is  
his

his choice , not refuge , and yet the Pulpit not his itch , but fear. In his discourse there is substance , not all rhetoric , and he utters more things than words. His speech is not help'd with inforced actions , but the matter acts it self. He shoots all his meditations at one Butt : and beats upon his Text , not the Cushion , making his hearers , not the Pulpit groan. In citing of Popish errours , he cuts them with Argument , not cudgels thẽ with barren Invectives : and labors more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen. His Sermon is limited by the method , not the hour-glasse ;  
and

and his Devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, because he would not be idle, nor talks three hours together, because he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every dayes exercise. In matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious, but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conscience of schisme then a Surpleffe. He esteems the Churches Hierarchy as the Churches glory, and, however we jar with *Rome*, would not have our confusio distinguished

guish us. In *Symoniacall* purchases he thinkes his soule goes in the bargain, and is loth to come by promotion so dear. Yet his worth at the length advances him, and the price of his owne merit buies him a living. He is no base grater of his Tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde Egge. The Lawyer is the on-ly man he hinders, by whom he is spighted for taking up quarrels. He is a maine pillar of our Church, though not yet Dean nor Canon, and his life our Religions best Apologie. His death is the last Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed, he instructs men to die by his example.

P.B. 52.

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4. *A Modest man*

**I**S a farre finer man then he knowes of, One that shews better to all men then himself, and so much the better to all men, as lesse to himself: for no qualitie sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: and he can put up any injurie sooner then this (as he calls it) your Irony. You shall hear him confute his commenders, & giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more

more prejudiciall, then your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that false, then this true. He is one that speakes from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justifie it, and is more blushingly reprehended in this, then others in sin. That counts all publick declarings of himself, but so many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a moneth after. One that is easie to like any thing of another mans: and thinks all he knows not of him better then that he knowes. He excuses that to you, which another

would impute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his owne, but suspects it rather, because it is his owne, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly then his errors; and it is his error sometimes to be too soone perswaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he onely can speake, and content to goe away, and thinke himselfe instructed. No man is so weake that he is ashamed to learn of, and is lesse ashamed to confesse it: and he finds many times even in the dust what others overlooke, and lose. Every mans presence is a kind of bridle to him,



him, to stop the roving of his tongue and passions: and even impudent men looke for this reverence from him, and distaste that in him, which they suffer in themselves, as one in whome vice is ill-favoured, and shewes more scurvily then another. A bawdy jest shall shame him more then a bastard another man, and he that got it, shall censure him among the rest. And he is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whosoever dare lye on him hath power over him, and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be discredited: and for other things, his desires are

more limited than his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never so meane, and that he is to doe something to deserve this: He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignitie to help himself. If he doe, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, and how hardly soever he obtain it, he was harder perswaded to seek it.

5. *A meer dull  
Physician,*

**H**IS practice is some busi-  
nesse at Bed sides, and  
his speculation an Vrinall. He  
is

is distinguisht from an *Empe-  
rick*, by a round velvet cap,  
and Doctors Gown, yet no  
man takes degrees more su-  
perfluously, for he is a Doctor  
howsoever. He is sworn to  
*Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as Vni-  
versitie men to their statutes,  
though they never saw them,  
and his discourse is all *Apho-  
rismes*, though his reading be  
onely *Alexis of Piemont*, or  
the *Regiment of Health*, The  
best Cure he hath done, is up-  
on his own purse, which  
from a lean sicklinesse he  
hath made lusty and in flesh.  
His learning consists much in  
reckoning up the hard names  
of diseases, and the superscrib-  
tions of Gally-Pots in his A-

pothecaries Shoppe , which are rankt in his Shelves, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed onely languag'd in diseases, and speakes Greeke many times when he knows not. If he have been but a by-stander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it, though he be guiltlesse; and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of all odours he likes best the smell of Urine, and holds *Vespasians* rule , that no gaine is unsavoury. If you send this once to him, you must resolve to be sicke howsoever, for he will never leave examining your Water till he have shakt it in-  
to

to a disease. Then followes a writ to his Druggier in a strange tongue which he understands though he cannot conſter. If he ſee you himſelfe, his preſence is the worſt viſitation: for if he cannot heale your ſickneſſe, he will be ſure to helpe it. He tranſlates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very windowes and benches muſt take Phyſicke. He tels you your maladie in Greeke, though it be but a cold, or head-ach: which by good endeavour & diligence he may bring to ſome moment indeed: His moſt unfaithfull act is, that he leaves a man gasping, and his pre-  
By tence.

tence is death, and he hath a quarrell and must not meet, but his fear is, lest the Car-kasse should bleed. Anatomies and other spectacles of Mortalitie have hardned him, and he is no more struck with a Funerall then a Grave-maker. Noblemen use him for a director of their stomacks, and Ladies for wantonnesse, especially if he be a proper man. If he be single, he is in league with his she-Apothecarie, and because it is the Physician, the husband is patient. If he have leisure to bee idle (that is to study) he hath a snatch at *Alcummy*, and is sicke of the Philosophers stone, a disease uncurable, but  
by

by an abundant *Phlebotomy* of the purse. His two main opposites are a Mountebank, and a good Woman, and he never shewes his learning so much as in an invective against them and their boxes. In conclusion he is sucking consumption himself, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both ingendred out of mans corruption.

6. *A meer empty Wit*

**I**S like one that spends on the stock without any revenues coming in, and will shortly be no wit at all, for learning is the sewell to the fire of wit, which if it wants  
this

this feeding eats out it selfe.  
**A** good conceit or two bates  
of such a man, and makes a  
sensible weakning in him: and  
his braine recovers it not a  
year after. The rest of him  
are bubbles and flashes, dar-  
red out on the sudden, which  
if you take them while they  
are warme may be laught at;  
if they coole, are nothing. He  
speakes best on the present  
apprehension, for Meditation  
stupifies him, and the more he  
is in travell, the lesse he brings  
forth. His things come off  
then, as in a nauseating sto-  
macke, where there is no-  
thing to cast up straines, and  
convulsions, and some asto-  
nishing bumbast, which men  
onely,



onely, till they understand,  
are scar'd with. A verse or  
some such worke he may  
sometimes get up to, but sel-  
dome above the stature of an  
Epigram, and that with some  
reliefe out of *Martiall*, which  
is the ordinary companion of  
his pocket, and he reads him  
as he were inspir'd. Such men  
are commonly the trifling  
things of the World, good to  
make merry the company,  
and whome onely men have  
to do withall, when they have  
nothing to doe, and none are  
lesse their friends, then who  
are most their company. Here  
they vent them selves over a  
cup some-what more lasting-  
ly, all their words goe for  
jests,

jest, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when it is coming, neither friends, nor danger, but it must out howsoever, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically raile and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable familiar to this. Briefly they are such whose life is but to laugh, and be laughed at: and onely wits in jest, and fooles in earnest.

7. *A meere Alderman*

**H**E is venerable in his  
Gowne, more in his  
Beard, wherewith he sets  
not forth so much his owne,  
as the face of a City. You  
must looke on him as one  
of the Town Gates, and  
consider him not as a Body,  
but a corporation. His emi-  
nencie above others hath  
made him a man of Wor-  
ship, for he had never been  
preferred, but that he was  
worth thousands. He over-  
sees the Common-wealth  
as his Shop, and it is an ar-  
gument of his policy, that  
he hath thriven by his craft.  
he

He is a rigorous Magistrate in his Ward : yet his scale of justice is suspected, least it be like the Ballances in his Warehouse. A ponderous man he is, and substantiall : for his weight is commonly extraordinary , and in his pre-ferment nothing rises so much as his Belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnisht, and when it is in conjunctiō with his Brethren, may bring forth a *Citie Apophegme*, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily runne into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgement consists much in his pace. His discourse is commonly the An-  
nals

nals of his Mayoraltie, and what good government there was in the dayes of his gold Chaine: though his dooreposts were the onely things that suffered reformation: He seemes most sincerely religious, especially on solemne dayes, for he comes oft to Church to make a shew, and is a part of the Quire hangings. He is the highest staire of his profession, and an example to his Trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority: but more of his fat-tin doublet; which though of good yeares, beares his age very well, and lookes fresh every Sunday; But his Scarlet

let Gown is a Monument,  
and lasts from generation to  
generation.

8. *A Discontented  
man*

**I**S one that is faine out  
with the world, and will  
be revenged on himself.  
Fortune hath denyed him in  
something, and he now takes  
pet, and will be miserable in  
spight. The root of his dis-  
ease is a self-humouring  
pride, and an accustomed  
tenderneffe, not to be  
crost in his fancy: and the  
occasion is commonly one  
of these three: a hard Father,  
a peevish Wench, or his am-  
bition

bition thwarted. He considered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blowes fall on him heavier, because they light not first on his expectation. He hath now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composition of himself is a studied carelesnesse with his armes a-crosse, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak, and he is as great an enemy to an hatband, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and up starts, and sighs at the neglect of men of Parts, that is, such as himselfe. His life is a perpetuall Satyre, and he is  
still

still girding the ages vanitie; when this very anger shewes he too much esteems it. He is much displeased to see men merry, and wonders what they can finde to laugh at. He never drawes his own lippes higher then a smile, and frownes wrinkle him before forty. He at the last falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men, and is the most apt Companion for any mischief. He is the spark that kindles the Gommonealth, and the bellows himselfe to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of these, either Frier, Traytor, or Mad-man.



*9. An Antiquary.*

**H**E is a man strangely thrifty of Time past, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. He is one that hath that unnaturall disease to be enamored of old age and wrinckles, and loves all things (as Dutch men doe Cheese) the better for being mouldy and worme-eaten. He is of our Religion, because we say it is most ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almost make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old Monuments,

ments, and reads onely those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to see a *Saints Well*, or a ruined Abbey, and if their be but a Crosse or stone footstole in the way he will be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consistes much in shekels, and Roman Coynes, and he hath more pictures of *Cesar*, then *James*, or *Elizabeth*: Beggars cozen him with musty things which they have rak't from dunghils, and he preserves their rags for precious Reliques. He loves no Library, but where there are more Spider-volums then Authors,  
and

and lookes with great admiration on the Antique worke of cobwebs. Printed books he contemnes, as a noveltie of this latter age, but a *Manuscript* he pores on ever lastingly, especially if the cover be all Moth-eaten, and the dust make a *Parenthesis* between every Syllable. He would give all the Books in his study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Roman binding, or six lines of *Tully*, in his own hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange Beasts skins, and is a kind of Charnel-house of bones extraordinary, and his discourse upon them, if you will hear him, shall last longer

er. His very attire is that which is the eldest out of fashion, and you may picke a *Criticisme* out of his Breeches. He never lookes upon himselfe till he is gray-hair'd, and then he is pleased with his owne Antiquity. His Grave doth not fright him, for he hath been used to Sepulchres, and he likes death the better, because it gathers him to his Fathers.

10. *A Drunkard.*

**I**S one that will be a man to morrow morning : but is now what you wil make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better.

better. One that hath let goe  
 himfelfe from the hold and  
 ftay of reason, and lyes open  
 to the mercy of all temptati-  
 ons. No luft but finds him  
 difarmed and fencelefse, and  
 with the leaft affault enters.  
 If any mifchief escape him,  
 it was not his fault, for he  
 laid as faire for it, as he  
 could. Every man fees him,  
 as *Cham* faw his Father the  
 firft of this finne *an un-*  
*covered man*, and, though his  
 garments be on, uncovered,  
 the fecreteft parts of his foule  
 lying in the nakedft manner  
 vifible: all his paffions come  
 out now, all his vanities, and  
 thofe shamefuller humours  
 which difcretion clothes. His  
 C body

body becomes at last like a myrie way, where the spirits are beclog'd and cannot passe: all his members are out of office, and his heeles doe but trip up one another. He is a blind man with his eyes, and a Cripple with legges on. All the use he hath of this vessell himselfe, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that fil'd out againe into the Roome. which is commonly as drunke as he. Tobacco serves to aire him after a washing, and is his onely breath, and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to him.

himselfe, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindnesse, for his kindnesse is but trying a mastery, who shall sinke downe first : And men come from him as a battell, wounded, and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and businesse, and makes him more rechlesly carelesse, what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he doe, it is such melancholy, that it sends him to be drunke again.

11. *A Younger Brother.*

**H**IS elder Brother was the *Esau* that came out first and left him like *Jacob* at his heeles. His Father has done with him, as *Pharaoh* to the Children of *Israel*, that would haue them make brick, and give them no straw, so he takes him to be a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it. The pride of his house hath undone him, which the elders Knighthood must sustaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the meanes to get wealth:  
but



but he stands at the mercy of the World, and which is worse, of his brother. He is something better then the Servingmen: yet they more fancy with him, then he bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of sterne awe, and checks him oftner then his Liveries. His brothers old suits and he are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furnisht him with a little more wit upon compassion; for it is like to be his best revenue. If his Annuity stretch so farre, he is sent to the Universitie, and with great heart-burning

takes upon him the Ministry, as a profession he is condemned to: by his ill fortune others take a more crooked path, yet the Kings highway; where at length their vizzard is pluckt off, and they strike faire for Tyborne: but their Brothers pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His last refuge is the Low-countries, where rags and lice are no scandall, where he lives a poor Gentleman of a Company, and dies without a shirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art he hath to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baits now and then some rich widow that is hungry after his Bloud.

Bloud. He is commonly discontented and desperate, and the forme of his exclamation is, *that Churle my brother*. He loves not his Country for this unnaturall custome, and would have long since revolted to the *Spaniard*, but for *Kent* onely which he holds in admiration.

12. *A meer formall  
man.*

**I**S some what more then the shape of a man; for he hath his length, breadth, and colour. When you have seen his out-side, you have lookt thorow him, and need im-

ploy your discovery no farther. His reason is meerely example; and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus and he followes them. He is a *Negative*, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a foole ; nor an honest man, but not a knave ; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chief burden of his braine is the carriage of his body, and the setting of his face in a good frame : which he performs the better, because he is not disjoynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet subject, and he prays as he swears, in the Phrase of the Land. He is a  
faire

faire guest, and a faire inviter, and can excuse his good cheere in the accustomed Apologie. He hath some facultie in mangling of a Rabbet, and the distribution of his morsell to a neighbour trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himselfe, when it comes to his turne. His businesse with his friends are to visit them, and whilst the businesse is no more, he can performe this well enough. His discourse is the newest that he hath gathered in his walk, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, say nothing. His life is like one that

runsto the Church-walke, to take a turn or two, and so passes. He hath staid in the world to fill a number, and when he is gone, there wants one and there's an end.

13. *A Church-Papist.*

**I**S one that parts his Religion betwixt his conscience and his purse, and comes to Church not to serve god, but the King. The face of the Law makes him wear the mask of the Gospel, which he uses not as a meanes to save his soule, but charges. He loves *Popery* well, but is loth to lose by it, and though he be something scared with  
the

the Bulls of *Rome*, yet they are far off, and he is struck with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a month he presents himself at the Church, to keep off the Churchwarden, and brings in his body to save his bayle. He kneeles with the Congregation, but prays by himselfe and asks God forgivenesse for coming thither. If he be forced to stay out a Sermon, he pulls his hat over his eyes, and frownes out the hour, and when he comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault by abusing the Preacher. His main policy is to shift off the *Communion*, for which he is never unfurnisht of a quarrel,  
and

and will be sure to be out of Charity at *Easter*; and indeed he lies not, for he hath a quarrell to the *Sacrament*. He would make a bad Martyr, and a good traveller, for his conscience is so large, he could never wander out of it, and in *Constantinople* would be circumcised with a reservation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tyres what she stands him in Religion. But we leave him hatching plots against the State, and expecting *Spinola*.



14. A Prison.

**I**S the grave of the living,  
 where they are shut up  
 from the world, and their  
 friends and the wormes that  
 gnaw upon them, their own  
 thoughts, and the Iaylor. A  
 house of meager lookes, and  
 ill smels: for lice, drinke, To-  
 bacco, are the compound;  
 Pluto's Court was exprest  
 from this fancie. And the  
 persons are much about the  
 same party that is there. You  
 may ask as *Manippus* in *Lu-*  
*cian* which is *Nireus*, which  
*Thersites*, which the Begger,  
 which the Knight: for they  
 are all suited in the same form  
 of

of a kind of nasty povertie. Onely to be out at elbowes is in fashion here, and a great Indecorum not to be threadbare. Every man shewes here like so many wracks upon the Sea, here the ribs of a thousand pounds, here the relick of so many Mannours, a doublit without buttons, And'tis a spectacle of more pity then executions are. The company one with other is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they have to rayle on fortune, and foole themselves, & there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers,  
as

as men that have had a great stroke in assisting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartednesse, yet they faine it sometimes to slip melancholy and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the faster the better: and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the Place where new comers are most welcommed, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowship in miserie, and leaves few to insult: and they breath their discontents more securely

ly

ly here & have their tongues  
at more liberty then abroad.  
Men see here much sinne, and  
much calamitie: and where  
the last does not mortifie, the  
other hardens; and those that  
are worse, here, are desperat-  
ly worse as those from whom  
the horreur of sinne is taken  
off, and the punishment fa-  
miliar. And commonly a  
hard thought passes on all  
that come from this schoole:  
which though it teach much  
wisdom, it is too late, and  
with danger: and it is better  
be a foole, then come here to  
learn it.

15. *A selfe-conceited  
Man*

**I**S one that knowes himselfe so well that he does not know himselfe. Two *excellent well dones* have undone him; and he is guiltie of it, that first commended him to madnesse. He is now become his own Book, which he poars on continually, yet like a truant-reader skips over the harsh places, and surveyes onely that which is pleasant. In the speculation of his own good parts, his eyes, like a drunkards, see all double, and his fancie like an old mans  
Spe-

Spectacles, make a great letter in a small print. He imagines every place where he comes his Theater, and not a look stirring, but his spectator; and conceives mens thoughts to be very idle, that is, onely busie about him. His walk is still in the fashion of a March, and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes most fixt upon his own person, or on others with reflectiō to himself. If he have done any thing that has past with a pplausc, he is alwayes re.acting it alone, and conceits the extasie his hearers were in at every period. his discourse is all *positions*, and *definitive* decrees, with  
*thus*

thus it must be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authoritie to proove it. His Tenent is alwayes singular, & aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretique, and in these dayes made the first *Arminian*. He prefers *Ramus* before *Aristotle*, and *Paracelsus* before *Galen*, and whosoever with most paradox is commended. He much pitties the world that has no more insight in his parts, when he is too well discovered, even to this very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what he

he knowes before: and yet he loves him too, because he is like himselfe. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone; for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out: his own bitter enemy, and discontent presently makes a murther. In summe, he is a bladder blown up with winde, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

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16. *A Servingman.*

**I**S one of the makings up of a Gentleman, as well as his clothes: and somewhat in the same nature, for he is  
cast



cast behind his master as fashionably as his sword and Cloake are, and he is but *in quерpo* without him. His propernesse qualifies him, and of that a good legge: for his head he has little use but to keepe it bare. A good dull wit best suites with him, to comprehend common sence, and a trencher: for any greater store of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and seldome thrives with him. He follows his masters steps, as well in Conditions as the Street: if he Wench, or drink, he comes after in an under kind, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him: he is indeed wholly his Masters, of his faction,

tion, of his cut, of his pleasures: he is handsome for his credit, and drunk for his credit; and if he have power in the Celler, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best company, and is none of it: for he knowes all the Gentlemen his Masters knowes, and pickes from them some Hawking, & horse-race termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale house, where he is onely called Master. His mirth is bawdy jests with the wenches, and behind the door bawdy earnest. The best worke he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follow in it his Masters direction, it is

is commonly the best service  
he does him.

17. *A too idle reserved  
Man*

**I**S one that is a foole with  
discretion, or a strange  
piece of Politician, that ma-  
nages the state of himselfe.  
His actions are his Privy  
Counsell, wherein no man  
must partake beside. He  
speaks under rule and pre-  
scription, and dare not shew  
his teeth without *Machiavel*.  
He converses with his neigh-  
bours as he would in Spain,  
and feares an inquisitive man  
as much as the *Inquisition*. He  
sus.

suspects all questions for examinations, and thinks you *would pick something out of him*, and avoids you. His brest is like a Gentlewomans closet, which locks up every toy or trifle; or some bragging Mountebank, that makes every flinking thing a secret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of silence. and whispers you in the eare Acts of Parliament. You may as soon wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and whatsoever he reakes is letters. He dares not talke of great men for fear of bad comments, and *he knowes not how his words may be misplaced.* Aske his opinion

pinion, and he tells you his doubt: and he never heares any thing more astonishly then that he knows before. His words are like the Cards at *Primiviste*, where six is eighteen, and seven one and twenty, for they never signifie what they sound; but if he tell you he will doe a thing, it is as much as if he swore he would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier then they are, and puts himself to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and designs, where they mean freely. He hath been long a Riddle himself, but at last finds *Oedipusses*; for his over-acted dissimulation

D discovers

discovers him, and men doe with him as they would with Hebrew letters, spell him backwards, and read him.

18. *A Tavern*

**I**S a degree, or (if you will) a paire of staires above an Alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and Apologie. If the Vintners nose be at door, it is a sign sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the Ivie-bush: The rooms are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washt well over night, and are smelt too fasting next morning, not furnisht with beds apt to be defiled,

defiled, but more necessary implements, Stools, Table, and a Chamber pot. It is a broacher of more newes then Hogsheads, and more jests then newes, which are suckt up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a Comedie. Men come here to make merrry, but indeed make a noise, and this musick above is answered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the civillest people in it, men of *good bringing up*; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *high calling*. It is the best Theater of natures, where they are truly acted, not plaid, and

the businesse as in the rest of the world up and down, to wit, from the bottom of the Celler to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would find matters to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken men come hither to quarrell, and come hither to be made friends: and if *Plutarch* will lend me his Simile, it is even *Telephus* his sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the Afternoon, and the murderer, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that scorches the face, and Tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm



harm would be done if the charitable Vintner had not Water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkness, for the Candles are never out; and it is like those Countries farre in the North, where it is as clear at midnight as, at mid-day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing showre, where the spouts are flushing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like swelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give the totall reckoning of it, it is the busie mans recreation, the idle mans businesse, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the

Inns-a-Court mans entertain-  
ment; the Schollars kindnesse;  
and the Citizens courtesie. It  
is the study of sparkling wits  
and a cup of Sherry their  
book, where we leave  
them.

19. *A sharke*

**I**S one whom all other  
meanes have failed, and he  
now lives of himself. He is  
some needy casneer'd fellow,  
whom the world hath oft  
flung off, yet still clasps a-  
gain; and is like one adrow-  
ning, fastens upon any thing  
that is next at hand. Amongst  
other of his shipwracks he  
hath happily lost shame, and  
this

this want supplies him. No man puts his brain to more use then he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new Stratagem. He hath an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there past but *How do you* betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an Imbrace. and that for money, He offers you a Pottle of Sack out of his joy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can doe no lesse then pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse strings, as a School-boy with his points, when he is going to be whipt, till the Master weary with long Stays, forgives him. When the rec-

koning is paid , he sayes, *it must not be so*, yet is straight pacified, and cryes, what remedy. His borrowings are like *subsidies*, each man a shilling or two, as he can well dispend, which they lend him, not with the hope to be repayed, but that he will come no more. He holds a strange tyranny over men : and he is their Debtor, and they fear him as a Creditor. He is proud of any employment, though it be but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliver at eleven of the clock. They in courtesie bid him stay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he finds but a good  
look

look to assure his welcome, he becomes their half-boor-der, and haunts the thresh- hold so long, till he forces good nature to the necessitie of a quarrell. Publick invi- tations he will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witnesse of the Sheriffs Hospitalitie. Men shun him at length as they doe an in- fection, and he is never crost in his way, if there be but a lane to escape him. He hath done with the Age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off.

20. *An insolent man*

**I**S a fellow newly great, and newly proud: one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom Fortune hath shot up to some office or Authoritie, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tels you, and concludes every Period with his place which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were very

very angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance whom he beats off with a furlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him. And for this cause *he knowes not you till you have told him your name, which he thinks he hath heard, but forgot, and with much ado seems to recover.* If you have any thing to use him in, you are his vassall for that time, and must give him the patience of any injurie, which he does onely to shew what he may doe. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tels you, you are sawcy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money

this language. His very Courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such arrogance and imputation; and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungratefull; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice drawes with it a more generall hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning: and no tale so unlikely but it is willingly heard of him, and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselves with a stately kind of behavi-

our



our from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does us a great deale of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them, without breach of good Nature.

21. *Acquaintance.*

**I**S the first draught of a friend, who we must lay down oft thus, as the foul copy before we can write perfect, and true: for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our respect, till at last they wholly possesse us. For acquaintance is the hoard, and friendship the pair chosen out of it: by which

which at last we begin to impropriate, and enclose to ourselves, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it grows not up to this, it falls as low as may be : and no poorer relation, then old acquaintance, of whom wee aske only how they do for fashion sake, and care not. The ordinary use of acquaintance is but somewhat a more boldnesse of society, a sharing of talke, newes, drink, mirth together : but sorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer our heart, and to be delivered with it. Nothing easier then to create acquaintance : the meer being in company  
once

once doth it; whereas friendship like children is ingendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their virtues onely, but their faults to their passions, their feares, their shame, and are bold on both sides to make their discoveyr. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the height and full, when it hath power and admittance into the hidden and worst parts of it: So it is in friendship with the mind, when those *verenda* of the soul, and those things which we dare not shew the world are bare and detected one to the other. Some men are

are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none : for friendship is a sullenner thing, as a **Contracter** and taker up of our affections to some few, and suffers them not loosely to be scattered on all men. The poorest tye of acquaintance, is that of place and Country, which are shifted as the place, and mis'd but while the fancie of that continues. These are onely then gladdest of other, when they meet in some forreign region, where the encompassing of strangers unites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance is more sought

sought for, so they are generally more staunch of it, not out of pride only, but fear to let too many in too neer them; for it is with men as with pictures, the best shew better as farre off and at distance; and the closer you come to them, the courser they are. The best judgment of a man, is taken from his acquaintance, for friends and enemies are both partiall: whereas these see him truest, because calmliest, and are no way so engaged to lye for him. And men that grow strange after acquaintance, seldome piece together again, as those that have tasted meat and dislike it, out of a mutuall experience

rience disrelishing one another.

22. *A Carrier.*

**I**S his own Hackney-man: for he lets himself out to travell as well as his hortes. He is the ordinary Embassador between Friend and Friend, the Father and the Son, and brings rich presents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no *unletter'd* man, though in shew simple: for questionlesse he hath much in his Budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place: He is the Vault in *Glocester* Church, that conveyes Whispers at a distance;

distance; for he takes the sound out of your mouth at *York*, and makes it be heard as far as *London*. He is the young Students joy and expectation, and the most accepted Guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burthen. His first greeting is commonly, *your Friends are well*; and to prove it, in a piece of Gold delivers their Blessing. You would think him a churlish blunt fellow, but they finde in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the High wayes, and beats them out of measure; which iniury is sometimes revenged by the Pursu-  
taker,

taker; and then the Voyage miscarries. No man domineeres more in his Inne, nor calles his Host unreverently with more presumption, and his arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his Horses. He forgets not his ease, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the Prodigall Child, still packing away, and still returning again. But let him passe.

23. *A meer Complementall Man*

**I**S one to be held off still at the same distance you are now; for you shall have him but thus, and if you enter on him



him further, you lose him. Me thinks *Virgil* well expresses him in those well-behav'd ghosts that *Aeneas* met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he graspt them, but ayre. He is one that lyes kindly to you, & for good fashion sake, and'tis discourtesie in you to believe him. His words are but so many fine phrases set together, which serve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man, puts him to the same part again, and he goes over to you; what he said to him was last with him. *He kisses your hand as he kiss'd his before, and is your servant*

*servants to be commanded but  
you shall increase of him nothing.*

His proffers are universall and generall, with exceptions against all particulars; he will doe any thing for you: but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that, he is engag'd: but he will doe any thing. Promises he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguish betwixt what is spoken, and what is meant: No man gives better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the Elogie of a kind Gentleman, till you  
know

know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most raile at him, that have before most commended him. The best is, he cozens you in a faire manner, and abuses you with great respect.

24. *A poor Fidler*

**I**S a man and a Fiddle out of case: and he in worse case then his Fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the *Indians* strike fire) and rubbs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charitie, which is more in the hearing then giving him. For he sells nothing dearer then to be gone:

gone. He is just so many strings above a begger, though he have but two: and yet he begs too, onely not in the downe-right *for God sake, but with a shrugging God bleesse you,* and his face is more pin'd then the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring *John Dorey*: otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the sent. His other Pilgrimages are Faires and good Houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas: and no man

man loves good times better. He is in league with the Tapsters for the Worshipfull of the Inne, whom he torments next morning with his Art, and has their Names more perfect then their men. A new song is better to him then a new Jacket; especially if bawdy, which he calls merry: & he hates naturally the *Puritan*, as an enemy to this mirth. A Countrey Wedding, and *Whitson-Ale* are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a Musician, and over-looks the Bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk, and in the Stocks.

25. *A Young Man.*

**H**E is now out of Nature's protection, though not yet able to guide himself. But left loose to the World, and Fortune, from which the weaknesse of his Childhood preserv'd him, and now his strength exposes him. He is indeed just of age to be miserable, yet in his own conceit first begins to be happy; and he is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is lesse. He sees yet but the outside of the World and Men, and conceives them according to their appearing glister, and out of this ignorance believes them,

them. He pursues all vanities for happinesse, and enjoys them best in this fancy. His reason serves not to curb, but understand his appetite, and prosecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestnesse. Himself is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world wil come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray hairs, and performes it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age, as the fashion and custome with which he longs to be acquainted; and sins to better his understanding. He conceives his Youth as the season of his Lust, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad : and be-

cause he would not lose his time, spends it. He distasts Religion as a sad thing, and is six years elder for a thought of Heaven. He scorns and fears, and yet hopes for old age but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the same inflammation: and when the heat is over, is cool alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldome so steadfast but that lust, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to day in kindnesse, and is ready to take yours to morrow. He do's seldome any thing which he wishes not to doe again, and is onely wise after a misfortune. He suffers much for



his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wise man. He is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more virtuous out of weaknesse. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambush. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may steer him. If he scape this age, he has scap'd a Tempest, and may live to be a Man.

26. *An old Colledge Butler.*

**I**S none of the worst Students in the house, for he keeps the set hours at his book more duly then any. His authority is great over

mens good *names*, which he charges many times with shrewd aspersions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His box and Counters prove him to be a man of reckoning ; yet he is stricter in his accounts than a Usurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pains of *Gallobelgicus*; for his Books go out once a quarter, and they are much in the same nature, brief notes and Sums of affaires, and are out of request as soon. His commings in are like a Taylors from his shreds of bread, the chippings, and remnants of the broken crust: excepting his vails from the barrell,

rell, which poor folkes buy  
for their hogs, but drink  
themselves. He divides a half-  
penny loaf with more suptil-  
tie then *Kerkman*, and sub-  
divides the *A primo ortum* so  
nicely, that a stomack of  
great capacitie can hardly ap-  
prehend it. He is a very so-  
ber man, considering his ma-  
nifold temptations of drink  
and strangers, and if he be  
over-seen, 'tis within his  
own liberties, and no man  
ought to take exception. He  
is never so well pleas'd with  
his place, as when a Gentle-  
man is beholding to him for  
shewing him the Buttery,  
whom he greets with a cup of  
single Beer, and slic'd Man-  
chet,

chet, and tells him *'Tis the fashion of the Colledge*. He domineers over Freshmen when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of *Cues* and *Cees*, and some broken *Latin* which he has learn't at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary are the warming of a pair of Cards, and telling out a dozen of **C**ounters for *Post and Pair*, and no man is more methodical in these businesses. Thus he spends his age, till the tap of it is run out, and then a fresh one is set abroad.

27. *A meddling Man.*

**I**S one that has nothing to doe with his businesse, and yet no man busier then he, and his businesse is most in his face. He is one thrusts himselfe violently into all employments, unsent for, un-feed, and many times un-thanked, and his part in it is onely an eager bustling, that rather keeps adoe, then do's any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affair, and listen with both ears, and look earnestly, and then it is nothing so much yours as his. He snatches what you are doing

E 5

out

out of your hands, and cries  
*Give it me*, and does it worse.  
and layes an engagement up-  
on you too, and you must  
thank him for this pains. He  
layes you down a hundred  
wild plots, all imposible  
things, which you must be ru-  
led by perforce, and he deli-  
vers them with a serious and  
counselling forehead, & there  
is a great deal more wise-  
dome in this forehead then  
his head: he will woo for  
you, sollicite for you, and woo  
you to suffer him; and scarce  
any thing done, wherein his  
letter or his journey, or at  
least himself is not seen: if  
he have no task in it else, he  
will rail yet on some side,  
and

and is often beaten when he need not. Such men never thorowly weigh any business, but are forward onely to shew their zeal, when many times this forwardnesse spoiles it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these mens kindneses, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone, as being one trouble more in all businesse, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

28. *An Upstart Knight*

**I**S a Holy-day Clown, and differs onely in the stuff of his Clothes, not the stuffe of him.

himself: for he bare the King's Sword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o're the shoulder with a Knighthood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His Father was a man of good stock, though but a *Tanner*, or *Vsurer*; he purchast the Land, and his Son the Title. He has doft off the name of a Country-fellow, but the look not so easie, and his face bears still a relish of Churn-milk. He is garded with more Gold Lacethen all the Gentlemen oth' Country, yet his body makes his cloathes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and Serving-men



men attendant on their kennels; and the deepnesse of their throats is the depth of their discourse. An Hawk he esteems the true burthen of Nobilitie, and is exceeding ambitious to seem delighted in the sport, and have his fist Glov'd with his Jesses: A Justice of Peace he is to domineer in his Parish, and doe his neighbour wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his Hunters for company, and stain his Gentility with droppings of Ale. He is fearefull of being Sheriff of the Shire by instinct; and dreads the Assize-week as much as the Prisoner. In summe, he's but a  
clod

clod of his own earth; or his Land is the Dunghill, and he the Cock that crows over it. And commonly his race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children, though they scape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

29. *A good old Man*

**I**S the best Antiquity, and which we may with least vanitie admire. One whom Time hath bin thus long a working, and like Winter fruit, ripen'd when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the words, as dayes, and learnt the  
best

best thing in it, the vanitie of it. He looks o're his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weaknesse. The next door of death fads him not; but he expects it calmly, as his turn of Nature, and fears more his recoyling back to childishnesse then dust. All men look on him as a common Father, and on old age for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an *indecorum* in a vicious man.

He

He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale againe, but remembers with them, how oft he has told them. His old sayings and morals seem proper to his beard: and the Poetry of *Cato* do's well out of his mouth, and he speaks it, as if he were the Author. He is not apt to put the Boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a Boy; but can distinguish gravitie from a lowre look; and

and the lesse testy he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better then these; because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then: yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a Relick. He is a man capable of a dear-nesse with the youngest men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at last, too soon whensoever, with all mens sorrow but his own, and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

30. *A Gallant*

**I**S one that was born and  
shap'd for his Cloathes,  
and, if *Adam* had not saln,  
had liv'd to no purpose: He  
gratulates therefore the first  
sin, and fig-leaves, that  
were an occasion of bravery.  
His first care is his dresse, the  
next his body, and in the  
uniting of these two lies his  
soul and its faculties. He  
observes *London* trulier then  
the Termes; and his businesse  
is the Street, the Stage, the  
Court, and those places  
where a proper man is best  
shown. If he be qualified  
in gaming extraordinary, he  
is

is so much the more gentle and compleat, and he learns the best oaths or the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newness as the fashion. His other talk is Ladies and such pretty rhings, or some jest at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his discourse, so does his body; the upper parts whereof are as starcht as his linnen, and perchance use the same Laundresse. He has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boot, and takes a great delight in his walk to hear his Spurs gingle. Though his life passe somewhat slidingly, yet he seems

seems very carefull of the time, for he is still drawing his Watch out of his pocket, and spends part of his hours in numbring them. He is one never serious but with his Taylor, when he is in conspiracy for the next device. He is furnish'd with his Jest, as some wander with Sermons, some three for all Congregations; one especially against the Scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knows by no other definition, but *silly fellow in black*, He is a kind of walking Mercers Shop, and shewes you one Stuff to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the rooms he comes



come in, as the fair Bed and Hangings be; and is meerly ratable accordingly, fiftie or an hundred Pound, as his suit is. His main ambition is to get a Knight-hood, and then an old Lady; which if he be happy in, he fills the Stage and a Goach so much longer. Otherwise, himselfe and his cloathes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dyes in the Jayle or the Country.

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31. *A Constable*

**I**S a Vice-Roy in the street, and no man stands more upon't, that he is the King's officer.

Officer. His Jurisdiction extends to the next stocks, where he has Commission for the heeles onely, and sets th rest of the body at liberty. He is a Scare-crow to that Ale-house where he drinks not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not *standing in the Kings Name*. Beggers fear him more then the Iustice, and as much as the Whipstock, whom he delivers over to subordinate Magistrates, the Bride-well-man, and the Beadle. He is a great stickler in the rumults of double Iugs, and ventures his head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace.

peace. He never is so much in his majestie, as in his night-watch, where he sits in his Chair of state, a Shop-stall, and environ'd with a guard of Halberts examines all passengers. He is a very carefull man in his Office, but if he stay up after Midnight, you shall take him napping,

32. *A Flatterer*

**I**S the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatters many times, so he oft shewes fairer then the true substance: His look, conversation, company, and all the outwardnesse of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare  
take

take the libertie to be sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold go, for fear of losing you, Your meer sower look affrights him, and makes him doubt his casheering : and this is one sure mark of him, that he is never first angry, but ready, though upon his own wrong, to make satisfaction. Therefore he is never yok'd with a poor man, or any that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns first, and learns well, and growes perfecter in his humours then himselfe, and by  
this

this door enters upon his Soul : of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even with yours : he is before hand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you. He will commend to you first what he knows you like, and hath alwayes some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man. He will ask your counsell sometimes, as a man of deep judgement, and has a secret of purpose to

F                      dis.

disclose you, and whatsoever you say, is perswaded. He listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit bursts him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, *You are too good, too honest, too religious*; when his chiding may seem but the earnestest commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too: for your vice  
is

is the thing he has use of, and wherein you may best use him; and he is never more active then in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from your self, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happiness not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

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33. *A down-right Schollar*

**I**S one that has much learning in the Ore, unwrought, and untri'd, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good mettall in the inside,  
F 2                    though

though rough & unscour'd without, and therefore hated of the Courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a veine of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition; and no unlucky absurditie, but is put upon his profession, & done like a Schollar. But his fault is onely this, that his mind is somewhat too much taken up with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. He has not put on the quaint Garb of the Age, which is now a mans *Impri-  
mis, and all the Item*. He has not humbled his Meditations to the industry of Complement,



plement, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg. His body is not set upon nice Pins to be turning and flexible for every motion; but his scrape is homely, and his nod worse. He cannot kisse his hand and cry *Madame*, nor talke idle enough to bear her company. His smacking of a Gentlewoman is somewhat too savoury, and he mistakes her nose for her lip. A very Woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the

laughter commonly before the jest. He names this word Colledge too often, and his discourse beats too much on the University. The perplexity of mannerlineſſe will not let him feed, and he is sharp ſet at an argument when he ſhould cut his meat. He is diſcarded for a Gameſter at all Games but *One-and-thirty*, and at Tables he reaches not beyond *Doublets*. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a *Fiddle*, but his Fiſt is cluncht with the habit of diſputing. He aſcends a Horſe ſomewhat ſiniſterly, though not on the left ſide, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is ex-

ceedingly censur'd by the  
Innes-a Courtmen, for that  
hainous vice being out of  
fashion. He cannot speak  
to a Dog in his own Dia-  
lect, and understands greek  
better then the language of  
a Faulconer. He has been  
used to a dark room, and  
dark Cloathes, and his eyes  
dazzle at a Sattin Suit. The  
Hermitage of his Study,  
has made him somewhat  
uncouth in the world, and  
men make him worse by  
staring on him. Thus is he  
silly and ridiculous, and it  
continues with him for  
some quarter of a year  
out of the Universitie. But  
practise him a little in men,

and brush him o're with good company, and he shall out-ballance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance do's a feather, or Gold Gold Lace.

34. *A high spirited man*

**I**S one that looks like a proud man but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth sake, for they are onely too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedome, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possesse him, nor fall low to the earth, to rebound never

never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom, then others on the advantage ground of fortune, as having solidly that honour, of which Title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great styles sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not bate you a Complement. He is more sensible of a neglect then an undoing, and scornes no man so much as his surly threatner. A man quickly fired and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner then words. Onely to himself he is irreconcilable.

F 5.                      able,

able, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himself with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner, He is one had rather perish, then be beholding for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend then his enemy. Fortune may kill him. but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key then before, but he is now loftier then ever in his own defence. You shall hear him talk still after thousands; and he becomes it better then those that have it. One that is above the World and its drudgery, and cannot pull down

down his thoughts to the pelting businesses of life. He would sooner accept the Gallows then a mean trade, or any thing that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging neither. One that will do nothing upon command, though he would doe it otherwise: and if ever he doe evil, it is when he is dar'd to it, He is one that if fortune equall his worth, puts a luster in all preferment, but, if other wise he be too much crost, turns desperately melancholy, and scorns mankind.

35. *A plain Country  
Fellow.*

**I**S one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untill'd. He has reason enough to doe his businesse, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the *punishment of Nebuchadnezzar*: for his conversation is among Beasts, and his Talions none of the shortest, onely he eats not grasse, because he loves not Sallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and Land-mark is the very



ry mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his Oxen very understandingly, and speaks *Gee* and *Ree* better then *English*. His minde is not much distracted with objects : but if a good fat Cow come in his way , he stands dumb and astonisht , and though his haste be never so great , will fix here half an houres contemplation. His habitation is some poor Thatch'd Roof, distinguisht from his Barn , by the loop-holes that let out smoak , which the Rain had long since washt thorough , but for the double seeing of Bacon on the inside, which

which has hung there from his Grandfires time and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His Dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the Guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his Copy hold, which he takes from his Land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion. Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, that is, comes to Church in his best cloathes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Pray-

Prayers, for rain, and for fair weather. He apprehends Gods blessings onely in a Good Year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on *good ground*. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a Bag pipe as essentiall to it as Evening Prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behinde him, and censures the dauncing of his Parish. His complement with his Neighbour, is a good thump on the back; and his salutation commonly some blunt Curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but

but Pride, and all ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the Youth, and has some thrifty Hob-naile Proverbs to Clout his Discourse. He is a niggard all the Week, except onely on Market Day, where if his Corn sell well, he thinks he may be Drunk with a good Conscience. His feet never stink so unbecommingly, as when he trots after a Lawyer in *Westminster-Hall*, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in beseeching his Worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a Stack of  
Corn,

Corn, or the overflowing of a Medow, and thinks *Noahs* Flood the greatest Plague that ever was; not because it Drowned the World, but spoyl'd the grasse. For Death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his Harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

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36. *A meer Gull Citizen.*

**I**S one much about the same modell, and pitch of brain that the Clown is, only of somewhat a more polite, and finicall Ignorance.

rance , and . as fillily  
scorns him , as he is fillily  
admir'd by him. The qua-  
lity of the City hath af-  
foorded him some better  
dresse of Cloathes and Lan-  
guage , which he uses to the  
best advantage , and is so  
much the more ridiculous.  
His chief education is the  
visits of his Shop , where  
if Courtiers , and fine La-  
dies resort , he is infected  
with so much more elo-  
quence , and if he catch  
one word extraordinary ,  
wears it for ever. You shall  
hear him mince a comple-  
ment sometimes , that was  
never made for him : and no  
man pays dearer for good  
words,

words , for he is oft payed with them. He is suted rather fine , then in the fashion , and has still something to distinguish him from a Gentleman , though his Doublet cost more : especially on Sundayes , Bridegroom-like , where he carries the state of a very solemn man , and keeps his Pew as his Shop : and it is a great part of his devotion to feast the Minister. But his chiefest Guest is a Customer , which is the greatest relation he acknowledges ; especially , if you be an honest Gentleman , that is , trust him to cozen you enough. His friend

friendships are a kinde of Gossiping friendships, and those commonly within the circle of his Trade, wherein he is carefull principally to avoid two things, that is, poor men and suretiships. He is a man will spend his six-pence with a great deal of imputation, and no man makes more of a pint of Wine then he. He is one beares a pretty kind of foolish love to Schollars, and to *Cambridge* especially, for *Sturbridge* Faires sake: and of these, all are trew-ants to him that are not Preachers, and of these, the lowdest, the best: and he is *much ravisht with the noyse*  
of



*of a rolling tongue.* He loves to hear discourse out of his Element, and the lesse he understands the better pleas'd, which he expresses in a smile, and some sound Protestation. One that do's nothing without his chuck, that is, his Wife, with whom he is billing still in conspiracy, and the wantoner shee is, the more power shee has over him: and she never stoops so low after him, but is the onely woman, goes better of a Widdow then a Maid. In the education of his child no man fearfuller, and the danger he teares, is a harsh school-master to whom he  
is

is alledging still the weaknesse of the body, and pays a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The first whipping rids him to the University, and from thence rids him again for fear of starving, and the best he makes of him is some Gull in Plush. He is one loves to hear the famous Acts of Citizens, whereof the gilding of the Crosse he counts the glory of this age: and the four Prentises of *London* above all the Nine Worthies. He intitles himself to all the merits of his Company, whether Schooles, Hospitall, or Exhibitions, in which he  
is

is joynt benefactor, though four hundred years ago, and upbraids them far more then those that gave them : yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a sufficienter man then he that is wiser.

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37. *A Lascivious Man*

**I**S the servant, he says, of many Mistresses, but all are but his lust : to which onely he is faithfull, and none besides, and spends his best blood and spirits in the service. His soul is the Bawd to his  
his

his body, and those that assist him in this nature the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of love, or those whom he applies this name to : for his love is like his stomach, to feed on what he loves, and the end of it to surfeit and loath, till a fresh appetite rekindle him; and it kindles on any sooner, then who deserve best of him. There is a great deale of malignity in this vice, for it loves still to spoil the best things and a virgin sometimes rather then beauty, because the undoing here is greater, and consequently his glory. No man laugheth  
more

more at his sin then he,  
or is so extremely tickled  
with the remembrance of  
it : and he is more violent  
to a modest ear , then to  
her he defloured. A bawdy  
jest enters deep into him ,  
and whatsoever you speak ,  
he will draw to bawdry ,  
and his wit is never so  
good as here. His uncha-  
stest part is his Tongue, for  
that commits alwayes ,  
what he must act seldom-  
er : and that commits  
with all which he acts with  
few : for he is his own worst  
reporter , and men believe  
as bad of him , and yet doe  
not believe him. Nothing  
harder to his perswasion ,  
G then

then a chaste man, no Eunuch, and makes a scoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a Maid. And from this mistrust it is that such men fear Marriage, or at least marry such as are of bodies to be trusted, to whom onely they sell that lust which they buy of others, and make their Wife a revenue to their Mistresse. They are men not easily reformed, because they are so little ill-perswaded of their illnesse, and have such pleas from Man and Nature. Besides it is a jeering and flouting vice, and apt to put jests on the reprover. The Pox onely converts

verts them, and that onely  
when it kills them.

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38. *A Player.*

**H**E knows the right use  
of the World, where-  
in he comes to play a part  
and so away. His life is not  
idle, for it is an Action, and  
no man need be more wary  
in his doings, for the eyes  
of all men are upon him.  
His profession has in it a  
kind of contradiction, for  
none is more dislik'd, and  
yet none more applauded;  
and he has this misfor-  
tune, of some Schollar, too

much wit makes him a fool. He is like our painting Gentlewomen, seldom in his own face, seldom in his cloathes, and he pleases, the better he counterfeits, except onely when he is disguised with straw for Gold Lace. He do's not onely personate on the Stage, but sometime in the street: for he is mask'd still in the habit of a Gentleman. His parts find him Oathes and good words, which he keeps for his use and Discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tiring-house,



house, and sweares oathes there which he never conn'd. The waiting women Spectators are over-cares in love with him, and Ladies send for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court-men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole businesse that makes them After-noon-men: The *Poet* onely is his Tyrant, and he is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. *Shrove-Tuesday* he feares as much as the Bawds, and *Lent* is more dammage to him then the *Butcher*. He was never so much discre-

dited as in one Act, and that was of Parliamēt, which gives Hostlers priviledge before him, for which he abhors it more then a corrupt Iudge. But to give him his due, one well-furnish'd Actor has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he have a good body, for six; and for resolution, he shall challenge any *Case*, for it has been his practice to die bravely.

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39. *A Detracter*

**I**S one of a more cunning  
 and active envy, where-  
 with he gnaws not foolish-  
 ly himself, but throwes it  
 abroad, and would have  
 it blister others. He is com-  
 monly some weak-parted  
 fellow, and worse minded,  
 yet is strangely ambitious  
 to match others, not by  
 mounting their worth, but  
 bringing them down with  
 his Tongue to his own  
 poornesse. He is indeed  
 like the red Dragon that  
 pursued the Woman, for  
 when he cannot over-  
 reach another, he opens

G. 4,

his

his mouth , and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worse, then to doe well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, then if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is alwayes slighting the generall opinion, and wondring why such and such men should be applauded. Commend a good Divine, he cries Posttilling; a Philologer, Pedantry; a Poet, Ryming; a School-man, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, Boyishnesse; an honest man, Plausibility. He comes to publick things, not to learn, but to catch;  
and

and if there be but one *solacisme*, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared sowerneffe, and is still furnish'd with a *Pish* before hand, or some musty proverb that disrelishes all things whatsoever. If the fear of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a Law-Writ, alwayes with a clause of exception, or to smoothe the way to some greater scandall. He will grant you something, and bate more; and this bating shall in conclusion take away all he grant. His speech concludes still with an *Oh but*,

and *I could wish one thing amended* ; and this one thing shall be enough to de-face all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authentick, when it is said *a friend repeated it*. He will invegle you to naughtinesse, to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. He passes the more plausibly, because all men have a smatch of his humour, and it is thought freeness, which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem

seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would : and when he hath rackt his invention to the uttermost, he ends : *But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace.* He is alwayes listning and enquiring after men, and suffers not a Cloak to passe by him unexamined. In brief, he is one that hath lost all good himself, and is loth to find it in another.

40. *A rash Man*

**I**S a man too quick for himself: one whose actions put a leg still before his judgement, and out-run it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signall that sets him forward: and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a businesse, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth, and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather then take cold. He is alwayes resolv'd at first thinking, and  
the



the ground he goes upon is *hap what may*. Thus he enters not, but throwes himself violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently upon all off again: and as an obstinate *I will* was the preface to his undertaking: so his conclusion is commonly *I would I had not*, for such men seldome doe any thing that they are not forc'd to take in pieces again, and are so much further off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his Physicians, sought to onely in his sicknesse, and extremity, and to help him out of that mire

mire he hath plung'd himself into; for in the suddenesse of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill successe hath allay'd him, he heares too late. He is a man still sway'd with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pick-thank then he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate; condemn first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindnesse undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, and cryes *God mercy for it*, and curses again. His Repentance is  
meerly

meerly a rage against himself, and he does something in it self to be repented again. He is a man whom fortune must go against much to make him happy, for had he been suffer'd his own way, he had been undone.

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41. *A young Gentleman of  
the Vniversity*

**I**S one that comes there to wear a Gown, and to say hereafter, he has been at the Vniversity. His Father sent him thither, because he heard there were the

the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from these he has his Education, from his Tutor the oversight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewn the Colledges, and initiated in a Tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his seniority, is the bare Velvet of his Gown, and his proficiency at Tennis, where when he can once play a Set, he is a Fresh man no more. His Study has commonly handsome Shelves, his Books neat Silk Strings, which he shews to his Fathers man, and is loth to untie

untie or take down , for fear of misplacing. Upon foul dayes for recreation he retires thither , and looks over the pretty Book his Tutor Reads to him , which is commonly some short History , or a piece of *Euphormio* ; for which his Tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loytering is at the Library , where he studies Armes and *Books of Honour* , and turns a Gentleman-Critick in Pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a Schollar , and hates a black Suit, though it be of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily

rily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an Ingle to Gold Hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit, he may light of better company, and learn some flashes of wit, which may doe him Knights service in the Countrey hereafter. But he is now gone to the Inns of Court, where he studies to forget what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

42. *A weak man*

**I**S a Child at Man's estate;  
 One whom Nature hud-  
 led up in haste, and left his  
 best part unfurnish'd. The  
 rest of him is grown to  
 be a man, onely his  
 brain staves behind. He  
 is one that has not im-  
 proved his first <sup>and</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>advan-</sup>  
 cements, nor attained any  
 proficiency by his stay in  
 the world, but we may  
 speak of him yet, as when  
 he was in the bud, a  
 good harmlesse nature, a  
 well-meaning mind, and no  
 more. It is his misery that  
 he now most wants a Tu-  
 tor

tor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many more below a wise man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are: He loves men better upon relation than experience: for he is exceedingly enamour'd of Strangers, and none quicker a weary of his friends. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance grows more reserv'd. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he  
appre-



apprehends your hate in nothing so much, as in good counsell. One that is flexible with any thing but reasons, and then onely perverse; and you may better intice then persuade him. A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over. A great affecter of Wits, and such prettinesses, and his company is costly to him, for he seldome has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The Tavern is a dangerous place to him, for to drink, and to be drunk, is with him all one

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one, and his brain is sooner quench'd than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtinesse with company, but suffers alone, and the Bastard commonly laid to his charge. One that will be patiently abus'd, and take exceptions a monerh after when he understands it, and then be abused again into a reconcilment; and you cannot endear him more then by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all filineffes to all men but himself, and you may take any mans knowledge of him better then his own.

He

He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather then deny one, break with all. One that has no power over himself, over his businesse, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all: and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas, and forget him.

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43. *A Tobacco-seller*

**I**S the onely Man that finds good in it which others brag of, but doe not; for it is meat, drink, and cloathes to him. No man opens his Ware with greater serious-

seriousnesse, or challenges  
your judgement more in  
the approbation. His Shop  
is the Randevouz of spit-  
ting, where men dialogue  
with their Noses, and their  
communication is smoak.  
It is the place onely where  
*Spain* is commended, and  
preferr'd before *England* it  
self. He should be well ex-  
perienc'd in the world: for  
he has daily tryall of mens  
nostrills, and none is better  
acquainted with humours,  
He is the piecing com-  
monly of some other trade,  
which is Bawd to his Tobac-  
co, and that to his Wife,  
which is the flame that fol-  
lows this smoak.

44. *An affected Man*

**I**S an extraordinary man,  
in ordinary things. One  
that would go a strain  
beyond himself, and is ta-  
ken in it. A man that over-  
does all things with great  
solemnity of circumstance:  
and whereas with more  
negligence he might passe  
better, makes himself,  
with a great deal of endea-  
vour, ridiculous. The fancy  
of some odde quaintnesses  
have put him clean beside  
his Nature, he cannot be  
that he would, and hath  
lost what he was. He is one  
must be point blank in eve-

H ry

ry trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it: the very space of his armes in an embrace studied before, and premeditated: and the figure of his countenance of a Fortnights contriving. He will not curse you without book, and *extempore*, but in some choyce way, and perhaps as some great man curses. Every action of his, cries *Doe ye mark me?* and men doe mark him, how absurd he is. For affectation is the most betraying humour: and nothing that puzzles a man lesse to find out then this. All the actions of his life are like so many



many things bodg'd in without any naturall cadence, or connexion at all. You shall track him all thorough like a School-boys Theam, one piece from one Author, and this from another, and joyn all in this generall, that they are none of his own: You shall observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that supper: And it is his luck that his finest things most mis-become him. If he affect the Gentleman, as the humour most commonly lies that way, not the least *puntilio* of fine man, but he is strict in to a hair, even to

their very negligences which he cons as Rules : He will not carry a Knife with him to wound reputation , and pay double a reckoning, rather then ignobly question it. And he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly*, and *Gentilely*, and this meer fear to trespassse against the *Gentile* way , puts him outmost of all. It is a humour runs thorow many things besides, but is an ill-favour'd ostentation in all, and thrives not. And the best use of such men is, they are good parts in a Play.

45. *A Pot. Poet*

**I**S the dregs of wit; yet  
mingled with good drink  
may have some relish.  
His Inspirations are more  
reall then others; for they  
doe but fain a god, but he  
hath his by him. His verse  
runs like the Tap, and his  
invention, as the Barrel, ebs  
and flows at the mercy of  
the Spiggot. In thin drink  
he aspires not above a  
Ballad, but a Cup of Sack  
inflames him, and sets his  
Muse and Nose a fire to-  
gether, The Presse is his  
Mint, and stamps him now  
and then a six-pence or

H 3      two

two in reward of the baser coyn, his Pamphlet. His works would scarce sell for three half-pence, though they are given oft for three Shillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Countrey Gentleman: for which the Painter maintains him in Ale a fortnight. His Verses are like his Cloathes, miserable Cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether so hobling as an Almanacks. The death of a great man, or the burning of a house furnish him with an argument, and the nine Muses are out streight in mourning Gowns, and  
*Mel.*

*Melpomene* cries Fire, Fire. His other Poems are but Briefs in Rime, and like the poor *Greeks* Collections, to redeem from captivity. He is a man now much employ'd in commendations of our Navy, and a bitter inveigher against the *Spaniard*. His frequent Works go out in single sheets, and are chanted from Market to Market, to a vile tune, and a worse throat, whilst the poor Country wench melts like her Butter to hear them. And these are the *Stories of some men of Tiburn: or a strange Monster out of Germany: or sitting in a Baw-*

H 4                      dy.

dy-house, he writes *Gods Judgments*. He drops away at last in some obscure painted Cloth, to which himself made the Verses, and his life, like a Canne too full, spill upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my Hostesse loses.

46. *A plausible man*

**I**S one that would faine run an even path in the world, and jut against no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aime the generall opinion. His conversation is a kind of continued Complement, and  
his

his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others is a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship, but friendliness, which is equall to all, and generall, and his kindnesses seldom exceed courtesies. He loves not deeper mutualities, because he would not take sides, nor hazard himself on displeasures, which he principally avoids. At your first acquaintance with him, he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after, but friendly still. He hath an excellent command over his patience and tongue, espe-

H 5 cially

cially the last which he accommodates alwayes to the times and persons, and speaks seldome what is *sincere*, but what is *civil*. He is one that uses all companies, drinks all healths, and is reasonable cool in all Religions. He considers who are friends to the company, and speaks well where he is sure to hear of it again. He can listen to a foolish discourse with an applausive attention, and conceale his Laughter at *Non-sense*. Silly men much honour and esteem him, because by his fair reasoning with them, as with men of understanding,



ding, he puts them into an erronious opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery. He is one rather well thought on then belov'd, and that love he has, is more of whole companies together then any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithstanding with a good report, and whatever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

47. *A Bowling Alley.*

**I**S the place wherethere  
are three things thrown  
away

away besides Bowis, to wit,  
time, money, and curses,  
and the last, ten for one.  
The best sport in it is the  
Gamesters, and he enjoyes  
it, that looks on and bets  
not. It is the School of  
wrangling, and worse then  
the Schools, for men will  
cavil here for an hairs  
breadth, and make a stirre  
where a straw would end  
the controversie. No An-  
tick screws mens bodies  
into such strange flexures,  
and you would think them  
here senseless to speak sense  
to their Bowl, and put  
their trust in intreaties for  
a good cast. The Betters are  
the factious noyse of the  
Alley,

Alley, or the Gamesters  
Beadsmen that pray for  
them. They are somewhat  
like those that are cheated  
by great men, for they lose  
their money & must say no-  
thing. It is the best discove-  
ry of humours, especially in  
the losers, where you have  
fine variei of impatience,  
whil'st some fret, some rail,  
some swear, and others  
more ridiculously comfort  
themselves with Philoso-  
phy. To give you the Mo-  
rall of it, It is the Embleme  
of the world, or the worlds  
ambition : where most are  
short, or over, or wide, or  
wrong-Byas'd, and some  
few juttle into the Mistris  
Fortune.

Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the nearest are most spighted, and all blows aym'd at the Toucher.

48. *The World's wise  
Man*

**I**S an able and sufficient wicked man, it is a proof of his sufficiency that he is not called wicked but wise. A man wholly determin'd in himself and his own ends, and his instruments herein any thing that will doe it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serve to his works, us'd or laid by. Indeed

deed he knows not this thing of friend, but if he give you the name, it is a signe he has a plot on you. Never more active in his busineses, then when they are mixt with some harm to others : and 'tis his best play in this Game to strike off and lie in the place. Successful commonly in these undertakings, because he passes smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as Conscience, and the like : and gratulates himself much in this advantage ; Oathes and falshood he counts the neereſt way, and loves not by any means to go about. He  
has

has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his *tush* is greatest at Religion, yet he uses this too, and virtue, and good Words, but is lesse dangerously a Divil then a Saint. He ascribes all honesty to an unpractis'dnesse in the World: and Conscience a thing meerly for Children. He scorns all that are so silly to trust him, and onely not scorns his enemy ; especially if as bad as himself: He fears him as a man well arm'd, and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable. One that seriously admires those worst Princes,

Princes, as *Sforza, Borgia,* and *Richard* the third: and calls matters of deep villany, *things of difficulty.* To whom murthers are but resolute *Acts,* and *Treason* a *business of great consequence.* One whom two or three Countreys make up to this compleatness, and he hath travelled for the purpose. His deepest endearment is a communication of mischief, and then onely you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two, either a great Man, or hang'd.

49. *A Chirurgion*

**I**S one that has some businessse about his Building,

ding, or little house of man, whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and he the Playsterer. It is offer out of reparations, than an old Parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it again. He deals most with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled face; and his gains are very ill got; for he lives by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Physician, as a sore do's from a disease, or the sick from those that are not whole; the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay



cay of Valour in these days, and sighs for that flashing Age of Sword and Buckler; and thinks the Law against Duels was made meerly to wound his Vocation. He had been long since undone, if the charity of the Stews had not relieved him, from whom he hath his Tribute as duly as the Pope, or a wind-fall sometimes from a Tavern, if a Quart Pot hit right. The rareness of his custome makes him pittiless when it comes: & he holds a patient longer then our Courts a Cause. *He tells you what danger you had been in, if he had staid*

*staid but a minute longer;*  
and though it be but a  
prickt finger, he makes of  
it much matter. He is a rea-  
sonable cleanly man, con-  
sidering the Scabs he hath  
to deal with, and your fi-  
nest Ladies now and then  
are beholding to him for  
their best dressings. He  
curses old Gentlewomen,  
& their charity, that makes  
his Trade their Almes; but  
his envy is never stirr'd so  
much, as when Gentlemen  
go over to fight upon *Ca-*  
*lice Sands* : whom he  
wishes drown'd e're they  
come there, rather than  
the *French* shall get his  
Custome.

50. *A Profane Man*

**I**S one that denies God  
as far as the Law gives  
him leave, that is, onely  
do's not say so in down-  
right termes, for so far  
he may go. A man that  
do's the greatest sins  
calmly, and as the ordina-  
ry actions of life, and as  
calmly discourses of it a-  
gain. He will tell you his  
businesse is to break such  
a Commandement, and  
the breaking of the Com-  
mandement shall tempt  
him to it. His words are  
but so many vomitings cast  
up to the lothsomnesse of  
the

the hearers, onely those of his company loathe it not. He will take upon him with oathes to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his conquest o're the *Paritan* fool. The Scripture supplies him for jests, and he reads it of purpose to be thus merry. He will prove you his sin out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that Authority. He never sees the Church but of purpose to sleep in it : or when some silly man preaches, with whom he means to make sport, and is most jocund in the Church. One  
that

that nick-names Clergy-men with all the termes of reproach, as *Rat*, *Black coat*, and the like, which he will be sure to keep up, and never calls them by other. That sings Psalms when he is drunk, and cries God mercy in mockery; for he must doe it. He is one seems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would else turn him desperate: for Atheisme is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would be onely to hang themselves.

51. *A Contemplative  
Man*

**I**S a Schollar in this great University, the World; and the same, his Book and Study. He cloysters not his Meditations in the narrow darknesse of a Room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his Brain travells with his Feet. He looks upon Man from a high Tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his Infirmities and poornesse. He scorns to mix himself in mens actions, as he would to act upon a Stage, but sits aloft

lost on the Scaffold a censuring Spectator. He will not lose his time by being busie, nor make so poor a use of the world, as to hug and embrace it. Nature admires him as a partaker of her sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her own Works, and variety. He comes not in Company, because he would not be solitary, but finds Discourse enough with himself, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning stranger at novelties; but his search is more mysterious and in-

I

ward

ward, and he spells Heaven out of Earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climbe to God. He is free from vice, because he hath no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that makes men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, & comes now to heaven to see more.

52. *A she precise Hypocrite*

**I**S one in whom good Women suffer, and have their truth mis-interpreted by her folly.

She



She is one, she knows not what her self if you ask her, but she is indeed one that hath taken a toy at the fashion of religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. She is a Non-conformist in a close Stomacher and Ruffe of *Geneva Print*, and her purity consists much in her Linnen. She hath heard of the Rag of *Rome*, and thinks it a very fluttish Religion, and rails at the *Whore of Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. She hath left her Virginity as a Relick of Popery, and marries in her tribe without a Ring. Her devotion

at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye; and turning down the leaf in her Book, when she hears named *Chapter* and *Verse*. When she comes home, she commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better then praying, and of Preachers, Lecturers, and thinks the Week-dayes Exercise far more edifying then the Sundayes. Her ofttest Gossippings are Sabbath dayes journeys, where (though an enemy to superstition) she will go in Pilgrimage five mile to a silenc'd Minister,

ster, when there is a better Sermon in her own Parish. She doubts of the *Virgin Maries* Salvation, and dares not Saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly, as the Pew she has a Key to. She is so taken up with Faith, she hath no room for Charity, and understands no good Works, but what are wrought on the *Sampler*. She accounts nothing Vices but Superstition, and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a lesse sin, then to *swear by my truly*. She railes at other Women by the

names of *Iezabel* and *Dalilah*; and calls her own daughters *Rebecca* and *Abigail*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. She suffers them not to learn on the Virginals, because of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes sake, since they were reform'd to the tune of a Psalm. She overflows so with the Bible, that she spills it upon every occasion, & will not Cudgell her Maids without Scripture. It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devil, or the Devil with her: she is alwayes challenging and daring

ring him, and her weapon is the *Practice of Piety*. Nothing angers her so much, as that Women cannot preach, and in this point onely thinks the *Brownist* erroneous: but what she cannot at the Church, she does at the Table, where she prattles more then any against sense, and Anti-christ, till a Capons wing silence her. She expounds the Priests of *Baal*, reading Ministers, and thinks the Salvation of that Parish as desperate as the Turks. She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her Preachers, and censures all Sermons but

bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradesman, she helps him to customers, howsoever to good cheer, and they are a most faithfull couple at these meetings: for they never fail. Her Conscience is like others. Lust never satisfied, and you might better answer *Scotus* then her Scruples, She is one that thinks she performs all her duty to God in hearing, and shews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the May-pole then her Husband, and thinks he might doe a *Phineas* his act to break the pate of the Fidler. She is an everlasting

lasting Argument; but I am weary of her.

53. *A Sceptick in Religion*

**I**S one that hangs in the ballance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirres him, and none sways him. A man guiltier of credulity then he is taken to be ; for it is out of his beliefe of every thing, that he fully believes nothing. Each Religion scares him from it's contrary : none perswades him to it self. He would be wholly a Christian but that he is something

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thing of an Atheist, and wholly an Atheist, but that he is partly a Christian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfy him. He is at most a confus'd and wild Christian, not specializ'd by any form, but capable of all. He uses the Lands Religion, because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chooses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts  
and



and scruples better then resolves them, and is alwayes too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain; and his judgement too little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both spoils all. Pity it was his mischance of being a Schollar; for it do's onely distract and irregulate him, & the world by him. He hammers much in generall upon our opinions uncertaintie, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalnesse of Religion to Countries, that Protestantisme should be born so  
in

in England, and Popery abroad, and that fortune and the Sarres should so much share in it. He likes not this connexion of the Common-weal, and Divinity, and fears it may be an Arch practice of state. In our differences with *Rome* he is strangely unfix't, add a new man every new day, as his last discourse, Books, Meditations transport him. He could like the gray hairs of Popery, did not some dotages there stagger him; he would come to us sooner but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their miracles, but doubts an imposture;

posture ; he conceives of our doctrine better; but it seems too empty and naked he cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly persuaded to think their old Legends true. He approves well of our Faith, and more of their works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of *Amsterdam*. His conscience interposes it self betwixt Duellers. and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded. He will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good Writer, and at *Bellarmino* recoils as far

farre back again, and the Fathers juggle him from one side to another. Now *Sosinus* and *Vorstinus* a fresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse then himself. He puts his foot into Heresies tenderly as a Cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and still something unanswer'd delays him, yet he bears away some parcel of each, and you may sooner pick all Religions out of him then one. He cannot think so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way, and his wonder is doubled, when he sees these  
oppose

oppose one another. He hates authority as the Tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse then with a Fathers *dixit*; and yet that many are not perswaded with reason, shall authorize this doubt. In sum, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolv'd.

54. *An Attourney.*

**H**Is Ancient beginning was a blew coat, since a Livery, and his hatching under a Lawyer, whence, though but pen Feather'd, he

he hath now nested for himself, and with his hoorded pence purchast an Office. Two Desks, and a Quire of paper set him up, where he now sits in state for all commers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has some smatch of a Schollar, and yet uses Latine very hardly, and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speak out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor country Clients, that wor-  
ship

ship him more then their Landlord, and be they never such churles, he looks for their courtesie. He first racks them soundly himself, and then delivers them to the Lawyer for execution. His looks are very solicitous, importing much hast and dispatch : he is never without his hands full of businesse, that is, of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted seven years in the Innes of Court, when all his skill is stuck in his girdle, or  
in

in his office window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankful to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a Country village, he makes all his neighbours good Subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His businesse gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time, or terme of his life is going out, for Dooms-day he is secure, for he hopes he hath a trick to reverse judgement.



55. *A Coward*

**I**S the man that is commonly most fierce against the Coward, and labouring to take off this suspicion from himself: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter then he in civil company, and where he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a Drawer, & those that must not strike again. Wonderful exceptious and chollerick where he sees men are loth to give him occasion,  
and

and you cannot pacifie him better then by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow: the more temperate man is he, he protests he alwayes honour'd you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man, The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly then the stroke, for before that come he is dead already. Every man is his master that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare doe this, is the onely man can doe much with him: for his friend

friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be brib'd again to a reconciliation. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Christian meerly for fear of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would be of that.

56. *A Partiall Man*

**I**S the opposite extreame to a Defamer, for the one speaks ill falsely, and the other well, and both slander the truth. He is one that is still weighing men in the Scale of Comparisons, and puts his affection in the one balance, and that swayes. His friend alwayes shall doe best, and you shall rarely hear good of his enemy. He considers first the man, and then the thing, and restrains all merit to what they deserve of him. Commendations he esteems  
not

not the debt of Worth,  
but the requitall of kind-  
nesse : and if you ask his  
reason, shews his interest,  
and tells you *how much he*  
*is beholding to that Man.*  
He is one that ties his  
judgement to the Wheell  
of Fortune, and they de-  
termine giddily both a-  
like. He prefers *England* be-  
fore other Countreys, be-  
cause he was born there,  
and *Oxford* before other  
Universities, because he  
was brought up there, and  
the best Schollar there, is  
one of his own Colledge,  
and the best Schollar there,  
is one of his friends. He is  
a great favourer of great  
persons

person, and his argument is still that which should be Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore virtuous, he is preferr'd therefore worthy. Never aske his opinion, for you shall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conscience. Men esteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for he do's it but to be esteem'd so. Of all men he is worst to write an History, for he will praise a *Sejanus* or *Tiberius*, and for some petty respect of his, all posterity shall be cozen'd.

57. *A Trumpeter*

**I**S the *Elephant* with the  
great Trunk , for he  
eats nothing but what  
comes through this way.  
His Profession is not so  
worthy as to occasion in-  
solence, and yet no man so  
much puffed up. His face is as  
Brazen as his Trumpet,  
and ( which is worse ) as a  
Fidlers , from whom he  
differeth onely in this, that  
his impudence is dearer.  
The Sea of Drink , and  
much wind make a storm  
perpetually to his Cheeks,  
and his look is like his  
noyse, blustering and tem-  
K pestuous.

pestuous. He was whilome the sound of Warre, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as ever, for where soe'er he comes, they are sure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is alwayes the Prologues Prologue. He is somewhat in the nature of a Hogthead, shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full, he is quiet enough. No man proves life more to be a blast, or himself a bubble, and he is like a Counterfeit Bankrupt, thrives best when he is blown up.



58. *A vulgar spirited  
Man.*

**I**S one of the heard of the  
World. One that fol-  
lows meerly the com-  
mon cry , and makes it  
louder by one. A man that  
loves none but who are  
publickly affected, and he  
*will not be wiser then the  
rest of the Town.* That  
never owns a friend after  
an ill name, or some gene-  
rall imputation, though he  
knows it most unworthy.  
That opposes to reason,  
*Thus men say , and thus  
most doe , and thus the  
world goes ,* and thinks

this enough to poise the other. That worship men in place, and those onely, and thinks all a great man speaks, Oracles. Much taken with my Lords jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way, that thinks certainly all *Spaniards* and *Iesuits* very Villains, and is still cursing the Pope and *Spinola*. One that thinks the gravest Cassock the best Schollar: & the best Cloathes the finest man. That is taken onely with broad and obscene wit, and hisses any thing

thing too deep for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his Money above all our *Eng-lish* Poets, because the voyce hath gone so, and he hath read none. That is much ravish't with such a Noble mans courtesie, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his Hat. One that is foremost still to kisse the Kings hand and cries *God blisse his Maiesty* loudest. That railes on all men condemn'd and out of favour, and the first that sayes *away with the Traytors*: yet struck with much ruth at Executions, and for pittie to see a man die.

could kill the Hangman. That comes to *London* to see it, and the pretty things in it, and the chief cause of his journey the Bears: That measures the happiness of the Kingdom by the cheapnesse of Corn; and conceives no harm of State, but ill trading. Within this compasse too, come those that are too much wedg'd into the world, and have no lifting thoughts above those things; that call to thrive well, to doe well, and preferment only the grace of God. That aime all Studies at this mark, and shew you poor Schollars as an example to  
take

take heed by : that think the Prison and want , a Judgement for some sin , and never like well hereafter of a Jayle-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the Town pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the Philosophers, mad-men. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses , shews , appearances , the stream , the people ; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity , and scorns something.

59. *A Plodding  
Student*

**I**S a kind of Alchymist, or Persecutor of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into finer metall, with successe many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own Oyle and Candles. He hath a strange forc'd appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Study is not great but continuall, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a Rug Gown, & a Night.

Night-cap, for the vanquishing perhaps some six lines: yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, till he gets it without Book. He may with much industry make a breach into *Logick*, and arrive at some ability in an Argument: but for politer Studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for *Poetry* accounts it impregnable. His Invention is no more then the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as just as the *Book-binders*, a setting or glewing of them together. He

K 5 is

is a great discomforter of yong Students, by telling them what travell it has cost him, and how often his brain turn'd at *Philosophy*, and makes others fear studying as a cause of Duncery. He is a man much given to Apothegms which serve him for wit, and seldome breaks any Jest, but which belong'd to some *Lacedemonian*, or *Roman* in *Lycosthenes*. He is like a dull Carriers horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot pace: and he that sets forth on the *Saturday* shall overtake him.



60. *A sordid rich man*

**I**S a beggar of a fair estate: of whose wealth we may say as of other mens unthriftinesse, that it has brought him to this: when he had nothing, he lived in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf, for using himself thus, and yet being upon himself, it is but justice; for he deserves it. Every accession of a fresh heap bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. His body had been long  
since

since desperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoards meat in his belly for a moneth, to maintain him in hunger so long. His clothes were never young in our memorie: you might make long Epocha's from them, and put them into the Almanack with the dear year, and the great frost, and he is known by them longer then his face. He is one ne're gave almes in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himself. He will redeem a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot: and his  
reason

reason is, he will not be undone. He never payes any things, but with strictnesse of law, for fear of which onely he steals not. He loves to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that, when he can no more. He never sees friend but in a journey to save the charges of an Inne, and then onely is not sick: and his friends never see him but to abuse him. He is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the strangest things that wealth can work.

61. *Pauls Walk*

**I**S the Lands Epitome;  
Or you may call it the lesser Ile of Great *Britain*. It is more then this, the whole worlds Map, which you may here discern in it's perfect'st motion justling and turning. It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of Languages, and were the Steeple not sanctified, nothing liker *Babel*. The noyse in it is like that of *Bees*, a strange humming of buzze-mixt of walking tongues and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper

whisper. It is the great Exchange of all discourse, and no busines wharsoever but is here stirring and a foot. It is the Synod of all pates politick, joynted and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busie at the Parliament. It is the Antick of tailes to tailes, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further then faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are herelike the legend of Popery *first coyn'd and stamp*  
in

*in the Church.* All inventions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a Temple in it is, that it is the Thieves Sanctuary, which rob more safely in the Crowd then a wildernesse, whilst every searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Playes, Taverne, and a Bawdy-House, and men have still some Oathes left to swear here. It is the eares Brothell, and satisfies their lust, and itch. The Visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall inhabitants and possessors, are staile  
Knights

Knights, and Captains out of Service, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all, turn Merchants here, and traffick for News. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and travell for a stomack, but thriftier men make it their Ordinary, and boord here very cheap. Of all such places, it is least haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghost would walk more, he could not.

62. *A meer great  
man*

**I**S so much Heraldry  
without honour: him-  
self

self lesse reall then his Title. His virtue is, that he was his Fathers son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives meerly to preserve anothers memory, and let us know who died so many years ago. One of just as much use as his Images: only he differs in this, that he can speak himself, and save the fellow of *Westminster* a labour: and he remembers nothing better then what was out of his life: His Grandfather and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory then they did them, and it is well they



they did enough, or else he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports, and those vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his officer, and is a serious employment for his servants. He talks loud and bawdily, and scurvily, as a part of state, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning, except some parcels of the Chronicle, and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is meerly of his servants faction, and their instrument for their friends  
and

and enemies, and is alwayes least thank't for his own courtesies. They that fool him most, doe most with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him, bare head. No man is kept in ignorance more of himself and men, for he hears nought but flattery, and what is fit to be spoken, truth with so much preface, that it loses it self. Thus he lives till his Tomb be made ready, and is then a grave Statue to posteritie.

63. *A Cook.*

**T**He Kitchin is his Hell,  
and he the Devil in  
it,

it, where his meat and he fry together. His Revenues are shewr'd down from the fat of the Land, and he enterlards his own grease among to help the drippings. Cholerick he is, not by nature so much as his Art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping knife is so near. His weapons often offensive, are a messe of hot broth and scalding water, and woe be to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchen he will domineer, and rule the roast, in spite of his Master, and curses in the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meer blustering

blustring and fury, and his speech like that of Sailors in a storm, a thousand businesses at once, yet in all this tumult he do's not love combustion, but will be the first man that shall go and quench it. He is never good Christian till a hissing Pot of Ale has flak't him, like Water cast on a firebrand, and for that time he is tame and disposed. His cunning is not small in Architecture, for he builds strange Fabricks in Paste, Towers and Castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like *Darius* his Palace in one Banquet demolished

light. He is a pitiless murderer of Innocents, and he mangles poor souls with unheard-of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs persecutions were devised from hence, sure we are, Saint *Laurence* his Gridiron came out of his Kitchen. His best faculty is at the Dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the *Tactics*, ranking his Dishes in order Military: and placing with great discretion in the fore-front, meats more strong and hardy, and the more cold and cowardly in the rear, as quaking Tarts, and quivering Custards, and such  
milk-

Milk sop Dishes, which scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second Course is gone up, and he down into the Cellar, where he drinks & sleeps till four a clock in the afternoon, and then returns again to his Regiment.

64. *A Bold forward  
man*

**I**S a lusty fellow in a crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow than his legs, for he do's not go but thrusts well. He is a good shuffler in the world, wherein he is so oft putting  
forth,

forth, that at length he puts on. He can do some things, but dare doe much more, and is like a desperate souldier, who will assault any thing, where he is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinion'd of himself, as industrious to make other, and thinks no vice so prejudiciall as blushing. He is still citing for himself, *that a candle should not be hid under a bushell*; and for his part, he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle be but a snuffe or Rush-candle. These few good parts he has, he is no niggard in displaying, and is like some needy flanting

L

Gold-

*Goldsmith*, nothing in the inner room, but all on the Cup-board : If he be a Schollar, he has commonly stept into the Pulpit before a Degree ; yet into that too before he deserv'd it. He never defers Saint *Maries* beyond his regency , and his next Sermon is at *Paul's* Croffe , and that Printed. He loves publick things a-life : and for any solemn entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. He is greedy of great acquaintance, and many, and thinks it no small advancement to rise to be known. He is one that has all the great names at Court



Court at his fingers ends,  
and their lodgings, and  
with a sawcy *My Lord* will  
salute the belt of them. His  
talk at the table like *Benja-*  
*mins* messe, five times to  
his part, and no argument  
shuts him out for a quar-  
reller. Of all disgraces he  
endures not to be *Non-*  
*plust*, and had rather flye  
for Sanctuary to *Non-sense*,  
which few can descry, then  
to nothing, which all. His  
boldnesse is beholden to  
other mens modesty,  
which rescues him many  
times from a Baffle, yet his  
face is good Armour, and  
he is dasht out of any thing  
sooner then countenance.

L 2      Gros-

Grosser conceits are puzzled in him for a race man; and wiser men, though they know him, yet take him in for their pleasure; or as they would do a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at last stumbles on him, because he is still in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now envy him, when they see him come ready for Scarlet, whilst themselves lye musty in their old Cloathes and Colledges.

65. *A Baker.*

**N**O man verifies the Proverbe more, than

it is an Almes-deed to punish him: for his penalty is a Dole, and do's the Beggars as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore works of Charity, and thinks his Bread cast away when it is given to the poor. He loves not Justice neither, for the *weigh-scales sake*, and hates the Clerk of the Market as his Executioner: yet he finds mercy in his offenses, and his Basket onely is sent to Prison. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well after.

66. *A pretender to Learning*

**I**S one that would make all others more fools then himself; for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with lesse labour cure his ignorance, then hide it. He is indeed a kinde of *Schollar-Mountebank*, and his Art, our delusion. He is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the

the first encounter none  
passes better. He is oftner  
in his Study, then at his  
Book, and you cannot  
please him better, then  
to deprehend him. Yet he  
hears you not till the third  
knock, and then comes  
out very angry, as inter-  
rupted. You find him in  
his Slippers, and a Pen in  
his eare, in which formerly  
he was asleep. His Table  
is spread wide with some  
Classick *Folio*, which is as  
constant to it as the Carpet  
and hath lain open in the  
same Page this half year.  
His Candle is alwayes a  
longer sitter up then him-  
self, and the boast of his

Window at Midnight. He walks much alone in the Posture of Meditation, and hath a Book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldome without a *Greek Testament* or *Hebrew Bible*, which he opens onely in the Church, and that when some stander by looks over. He hath sentences for Company, some scatterings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, which are good upon all occasions. If he read any thing in the morning, it comes up all at Dinner, and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great *Plagiary* of Tavern wit; and comes  
to

to Sermons onely that he may talk of *Austin*. His Parcels are the meer scrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgement, and listens with a sower attention to what he understands not. He talks much of *Scaliger* and *Causabone*, and the *Iesuites*, and prefers some unheard-of *Dutch* name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is criticall in a language he cannot  
L s.      conster,

conster, and speaks seldome under *Arminius* in Divinity. His businesse and retirement, and caller away, is his Study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great *Nomenclator* of Authors, which he has read in generall in the *Catalogue*, and in particular in the Title, and goes seldome so far as the *Dedication*. He never talks of any thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three incounters with the same men pump him, and then he onely puts in, or gravely sayes nothing. He has taken pains to be an Ass, though not to be a Schol-



Schollar, **and** is at length  
discovered and laught at.

---

67. *A poor man*

**I**S the most impotent  
man : though neither  
blind nor lame, as wanting  
the more necessary limbs  
of life , without which  
limmes are a burden. A  
man unfenc't and unshel-  
tered from the gusts of the  
world, which blow all in  
upon him, like an unroost  
house : and the bitterest  
thing he suffers , is his  
neighbours. All men put  
on to him a kind of chur-  
lisher

lisher fashion, and even more plausible natures churlish to him, as who are nothing advantg'd by his opinion. Whom men fall out with beforehand to prevent friendship, and his friends too, to prevent engagements; or if they own him, 'tis in private, and a by-room, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together, is not half so scandalous, nor sets off our acquaintance further; and even those that are not friends for ends doe not love any dearnesse with such men: The least courtesies are upbraided to him, and

and himself thank'd for none: but his best services suspected, as handsome sharking, and tricks to get money. And we shall observe it in knaves themselves, that your beggerliest knaves are the greatest, or thought so at least, for those that have wit to thrive by it, have art not to seem so. Now a poor man has not vizard enough to mask his vices, nor ornament enough to set forth his virtues, but both are naked and unhandsome: & though no man is necessitated to more ill, yet no mans ill is lesse excus'd, but it is thought a kind of impudence

pudence in him to be vicious, and a presumption above his fortune. His good parts lie dead upon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the best are not commended, but pittied, as virtues ill plac't, and we say of him, *'Tis an honest man, but 'tis pity*: and yet those that call him so will trust a knave before him. He is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest, and worst, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to: whereas rich men are entertain'd with a more holy-day behaviour,

haviour, and see onely the best we can dissemble. He is the onely he that tries the true strength of wisdom, what it can doe of it self without the help of fortune: that with a great deal of virtue conquers extremities, and with a great deal more his own impatience, and obtains of himself not to hate men.

96. *A Herald*

**I**S the Spawn, or indeed but the resultancy of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogy. His Trade is Honour

nour, and he sells it, and gives Armes himself, though he be no Gentleman. His Bribes are like those of a corrupt Judge, for they are the prices of blood. He seems very rich in discourse, for he tells you of whole fields of Gold and Silver, O'r and Argent, worth much in *French*, but in *English* nothing. He is a great diver in the streams or issues of Gentry, & not a by-Channel or Bastard escapes him; yea he do's with them like some shamelesse Quean, fathers more children on them, then ever they begot. His Traffick is a kind  
of

of Pedlery-ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lyons, such as Children esteem and Gentlemen : but his pennyworths are rampant, for you may buy three whole *Brawns* cheaper then three *Boars Heads* of him painted. He was sometimes the terrible Coat of *Mars*, but now for more mercifull Battels in the Tilt-yard, where whosoever is victorious, the spoils are his. He is an Art in *England*, but in *Wales* Nature, where they are born with Heraldry in their mouthes, and each Name is a Pedegree.

69. *The common Sing-  
ing men*

**A** Rea bad Society, and yet a company of good Fellows, that roar deep in the Quire, deeper in the Tavern. They are the eight parts of speech, which go to the *Syntaxis* of Service, and, are distinguish'd by their noyses much like Bells, for they make not a Consort, but a Peal. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serve God oftest when they are drunk. Their hu-  
manity



manity is a leg to the *Residencer*, their learning a *Chapter*, for they learn it commonly before they read it, yet the old *Hebrew* names are little beholden to them, for they mis-call them worse then one another. Though they never expound the *Scripture*, they handle it much, and pollute the *Gospel* with two things, their conversation & their thumbs. Upon worky dayes, they behave themselves at Prayers as at their pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their Gowns are lac'd cōmonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluities of a cup

cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their *Anthems* abler to sing *Catches*. Long-liv'd for the most part they are not, especially the Base, they overflow their Bank so oft to drown the Organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in Gods Service: and to take their death with more patience, they have Wine and Cakes at their Funerall: and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones, as before with their noyse.

70. *A Shop-keeper.*

**H**IS Shop is his well  
stufst Book, and him-  
self the Title-page of it, or  
Index. He utters much to  
all men, though he sells but  
to a few, and intreats for  
his own necessities, by  
asking other what they  
lack. No man speaks  
more and no more, for his  
words are like his Wares,  
twenty of one sort, and he  
goes over them alike to all  
commers. He is an arro-  
gant Commender of his  
own things; for what-  
soever he shewes you, is  
the best in the Town,  
though

though the worst in his shop. His Conscience was a thing, that would have laid upon his hands, and he was forc't to put it off: and makes great use of honesty to professe upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the Phrase to sell in, and the Language he spent most of his years to learn. He never speaks so truly, as when he sayes *he would use you as his Brother*, for he would abuse his Brother, and in his Shop thinks it lawfull. His religion is much in the nature of his customers, and indeed the Pander to it: and by a mis-interpreted sense  
of

of Scripture *makes a gain* of his godliness. He is your slave while you pay him ready money, but if he once be-friend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate then his trust.

71. *A blunt Man.*

**I**S one whose wit is better pointed then his behaviour & that course, and impollisht, not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a great enemy to the *fine Gentleman*, and these things of Complement, & hates ceremony in conversations, as the *Puritan* in religion

ligion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothnesse for the dresse of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a Salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbear your courtesie. He loves not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpose, and is alwayes suspicious of a Preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an *old Proverbe* for an introduction. He swears old-out-of-date innocent oathes, as *by the Masse, by our Lady*, and such like, and though there  
be

be Lords present, he cries  
*My Masters.* He is exceed-  
ingly in love with his hu-  
mour, which makes him  
alwayes professe and pro-  
claim it, and you must  
take what he sayes pati-  
ently, *because he is a plain*  
*man.* His Nature is his ex-  
cuse still, and other mens  
Tyrant: for he must speak  
his mind, and that is his  
worst, and *craves your par-*  
*don* most injuriously for  
not pardoning you. His  
Jests best become him, be-  
cause they come from him  
rudely and unaffected: and  
he has the luck common-  
ly to have them famous.  
He is one that will doe  
M more

more then he will speak,  
and yet speak more then  
he will hear: for though  
he love to touch others, he  
is touchy himself, and sel-  
dome to his own abuses  
replies but with his Fists.  
He is as squeazy of his com-  
mendations, as his courtesie,  
and his good word is  
like and Elogy in a Satyre.  
He is generally better fa-  
vour'd then he favours, as  
being commonly well ex-  
pounded in his bitterness,  
and no man speaks treason  
more securely. He chides  
great men with most bold-  
nesse, and is counted for it  
an honest fellow. He is  
grumbling much in the  
be-



behalf of the Commonwealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit. He is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his down-rightnesse credits him, as a man not well bended & crookned to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad, in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous, since he is disguis'd in a humour, that professes not to disguise.

72. *A handsome Hostesse*

**I**S the fairer commendation of an Inn, above the faire Sign, or fair  
M 2 Lodg-

Lodgings: She is the Loadstone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleave sometimes long, and are not easily got off. Her Lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her company, which is put into the reckoning too, & is the dearest parcell in it: No Citizens wife is demurer then she at the first greeting, nor draws in her mouth with a chaster simper, but you may be more familiar without distaste, and she do's not startle at Bawdry. She is the confusion of a Pottle of Sack more then would have been

been spent elsewhere, and her little Jugs are accepted to have her kisse excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not believ'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidell in it then her Husband.

73. *A Critick*

**I**S one that hath spell'd  
Over a great many of  
Books, and his observati-  
on is the *Orthography*. He is  
the Chirurgion of old Au-  
thors, & heals the wounds  
of dust and ignorance. He  
converses much in frag-  
ments and *Desunt multa's*,  
and if he piece it up with

two Lines, he is more proud of that Book than the Authour. He runs over all Sciences to peruse their Syntaxis, and thinks all Learning compriz'd in writing Latine. He tastes Styles, as some discreeter Palats doe Wine; and tells you which is Genuine, which Sophisticate and bastard. His own phrase is a *Miscellany* of old words deceas'd long before the *Cæsars*, and entomb'd by *Varro*, and the modern'st man he follows, is *Plautus*. He writes *Omneis* at length, and *quidquid*, and his *Gerund* is most inconformable. He is a  
trou-

troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgement of his *castigations*. He is one that makes all Books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into *Folio's* with his Comments.

74. *A Serjeant or Catch-pole*

**I**S one of Gods judgements; and which our Roarers doe onely conceive terrible. He is the properest shape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at most but an Arrester, and Hell a Dungeon. He is the Creditors Hawk, wherewith they scize up-

on flying Birds, and fetch them again in his Tallons. He is the period of young Gentlemen, or their full stop; for when he meets with them they can go no farther. His Ambush is a shop-stall, or close Lane, and his Assault is cowardly at your back. He respits you in no place but a Tavern, where he sells his Minutes dearer then a Clock-maker. The common way to run from him, is thorow him, which is often attempted and atchieved, and no man is more beaten out of charity. He is one makes the street more dangerous then

then the High-ways, and men go better provided in their walks then their Journey. He is the first handsell of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulse, as an Hungarian of killing a Turk. He is a moveable Prison, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. He is an occasioner of disloyall thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the *Kings Name* worfe then the Devils.

*75. An ordinary honest  
Fellow.*

**I**S one whom it concerns to be call'd honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing: and yet he is not this neither: But a good dull vicious fellow, that complies well with the deboishments of the time, and is fit for it: One that has no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to be suspected a proud fellow: but is sociably a dunce, & sociably a drinker. That do's it fair and above board without legerdemain, and neither  
sharkes



sharks for a cup nor a reckoning. That is kind o're his Beer, and protests he loves you, and begins to you again, and loves you again. One that quarrells with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all absurdities, and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abused, and his friend commonly is he that is most likely, and he lifts up many a Jug in his defence. He railes against none but censurers, against whom he thinks he railes lawfully, and censurers are  
all

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all those that are better then himself. These good properties qualifie him for honesty enough, and raise him high in the Ale-house commendation, who if he had any other good quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot : onely those that commend him think not so, and those that commend him, are honest fellows.

76. *An Vniversity Dunne*

**I**S a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own mony had hired him.

him. He is an inferiour Creditor of some ten shillings, or downwards, contracted for Horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in Suit, and he arrests your modesty. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your Staires a whole Afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience than a Gentleman-Usher. He is a fore beleaguerer of Chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks : yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. He is a great complainer of Schol-

Schollars loytering , for he is sure never to find them within , and yet he is the chief cause many times that makes them study. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men , that shun him for his kindnesse , but indeed it is his own fault , for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain then he ; and by shifting him off , they learn to shift in the world. Some choose their rooms a purpose to avoid his surprizals , and think the best commodity in them his Prospect. He is like a rejected acquaintance , hunts those  
those

those that care not for his company, and he knowes it well enough; and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him, is the Buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your Name, and he is one much wrought with good Beer and Rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walks the streets to lesse purpose.

77. *A stayed man.*

**I**S a man. One that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those  
law-

lawlesnesses within him :  
Whose life is distinct and  
in Method, and his Acti-  
ons as it were cast up be-  
fore. Not loos'd into the  
Worlds vanities, but ga-  
thered up and contracted  
in his station. Not scatter'd  
into many pieces of busi-  
nesses, but that one course  
he takes, goes through  
with. A man firm and  
standing in his purposes,  
nor heav'd off with each  
wind and passion. That  
squares his expence to his  
Coffers, and makes the  
Totall first, and then the  
Items. One that thinks  
what he does, and does  
what he sayes, and foresees  
what

what he may doe before  
he purposes. One whose  
(if I can) is more then  
anothers assurance, and  
his doubtfull tale before  
some mens protestations.  
That is confident of no-  
thing in futurity, yet his  
conjectures oft true Pro-  
phesies. That makes a  
pause still betwixt his care  
and belief, and is not too  
hasty to say after others :  
One whose Tongue is  
strung up like a Clock till  
the time, and then strikes,  
and sayes much when he  
talks little. That can see  
the Truth betwixt two  
wranglers; and sees them  
agree even in that they fall  
out

out upon. That speaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the spirit of Sack. A man cooll and temperate in his passions, not easily betray'd by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairly off from Captains companies: and neither drink nor quarrell. One whom no ill hunting sends home discontented, and makes him swear at his dogs and family. One not hasty to pursue the new fashion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round Bree-



Breeches. But gravely handsome, & to his place, which suits him better than his Taylor; Active in the World without disquiet, and carefull without misery: yet neither ingulft in his pleasures, nor a seeker of businesse, but hath his hour for both. A man that seldome laughs violently, but his mirth is a cheerfull look. Of a compos'd and settled countenance, not set nor much alterable with sadnesse or joy. He affects nothing so wholly, that he must be a miserable man when he loses it: but forethinks what will come hereafter, and  
spares

spares Fortune his thanks  
and curses. One that loves  
his Credit, not this word  
*Reputation*; yet can save  
both without a Duell:  
whose entertainments to  
greater men are respectfull,  
not complementary, and  
to his friends plain, not  
rude. A good Husband,  
Father, Master: that is  
without doting, pampering,  
familiarity. A man well  
pois'd in all humours, in  
whom nature shew'd most  
*Geometry*, and he hath  
not spoil'd the Work. A  
man of more wisdom  
then wittiness, and brain  
then fancy; and abler to any  
thing then to make Verses.

78. *A suspicious, or  
Jealous man*

**I**S one that watches himself a mischief, and keeps a leareye still, for fear it should escape him. A man that sees a great deal more in every thing than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he sees nothing: His own eye stands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceal if he were careless: Now his over-diligence to hide them, makes men pry the more. Howsoever he imagines you have found him,

him, and it shall goe hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke, but nips him somewhere: not a jest thrown out, but he wil make it hit him; You shall have him goe fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and galld, and no man knows less the occasion then they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing, but at him, and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. *He bids you speak out, and he will answer you, whē you thought not*

not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason, at last, to laugh at him hereafter, He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused: and no man is undone more with Apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will believe him, & he is never thought worse of, then when he hath given satisfaction: Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so farre: and  
this

this humour hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious: In conclusion, they are men alwayes in offence and vexation with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all, in thinking they deserve it.

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**F I N I S.**

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